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EUROPE is waiting to discover whether the visit of Dr. Dollfuss to Mussolini has brought with it a new phase of the Austrian question. Their talks were prolonged, and, if diplomatic pronouncements mean anything, confidential and successful. It is thought that Italy may do something to help Austria economically by favouring the import of her timber, and improving her access to Trieste, while smiling on her rapprochement with Hungary. But Dr. Dollfuss cannot maintain himself for ever, if he sinks too obviously into the position of a satellite of Italy, maintained in power against the brother German nation. Nor can Mussolini, on his side, feel easy, in view of his rivalry with France and the Little Entente, while this feud endangers his relations with Germany.

Mussolini, The Mediator

What, then, is behind the references in the Fascist press to his role as a "mediator"? Does he aim at reconciling the two Fascist parties in Austria, the Clericals (Christian Socials) and the Nazis, who might be induced to share power, with results that would be damaging to what little is left of democracy, to the Social Democrats and presumably to the Jews? In this event Italy and Germany, as joint patrons, would enjoy a sort of condominium over Austria. Something of this kind would seem to be the natural consequence of Dr. Dollfuss' decision to rely on Italian "mediation," rather than call in the League against another German State—a course which an Austrian communiqué again vehemently rejects. Meanwhile official Paris and London, though the French press is uneasy, seem content to leave the initiative to Italy, and the broadcasts from Munich continue to offend the ears of Austrian patriots and of peace-loving people everywhere. Listener's can protect themselves by switching off, but for the graver injuries, the recruiting of an Austrian legion massed under Nazi officers in Bavaria, and the prohibitive tax on tourists, there is no such easy remedy.

The Reichstag Fire Trial

The German Government's embarrassment about the increasing international interest in the Reichstag Fire Trial is very natural. They find that eminent international lawyers are proposing to produce an impartial report of the evidence and they know that this evidence includes a very complete alibi for Herr Torgler, proof of Van der Lubbe's dubious connections with members of the Nazi party, and documents suggesting that incendiary matter was carried to the Reichstag from the house in which Göring as Chancellor of Prussia was living at the time. They know that the murder of Dr. Bell and of others who were aware of the facts is public property abroad, however successfully hidden from the German public. They have now invited Mr. Romain Rolland to supply copies of this evidence and refuse in return to promise any of the simplest conditions of justice to the prisoners.

How indeed can they promise choice of defending Counsel and a free and public hearing in the circumstances? Delegates from a number of countries are now conferring about the best way to bring pressure on the German Government for a fair trial: the latest information suggests that there is a good chance of no trial at all because Herr Torgler and his fellow prisoners are ill and may very well be conveniently dead before the date of the trial, so often postponed, arrives. A judicial murder before the trial rather than after it might certainly have its attractions from the Nazi point of view.

Troubles in Nazidom

The most recent sign of tension between the regular Nazi bosses and their agitated backers among the industrialists and the Junkers is offered by the protracted squabble over the appointment of diplomats to posts abroad. The Nazi student-diplomats, under the inexpert though noisy guidance of Herr Rosenberg, badly want these jobs. On the other hand, financiers and industrialists in Germany are very well aware of the harm such representatives abroad can do to their own foreign interests. They remember that the recall of the able and popular Count Bernstorff from the German Embassy in London and the threatened recall of the leading official representative of German finance in the City of London have had a very damaging effect on their reputation in political and financial London. To judge by the appointments already announced, including those to Tokio and Stockholm, the Rosenberg contingent seems to have suffered a setback. Dissentient industrialist and Junker elements are tending to crystallise round the gentlemanly figure of Von Papen. Von Papen commands much personal support among army officers, whose dissatisfaction with the rule of the Brown Shirts is reported to be growing rapidly. This, no doubt, is the explanation for certain remarks in Hitler's speech last Sunday at Bad Godesberg. For the first time the Chancellor commented on the question of the Army and drew the attention of his hearers —leaders of Brown- and Black-shirted storm detachments —to the necessity of clearly defining their functions in relation to those of the Reichswehr and of remembering that neither Storm Troops nor Reichswehr were ends in themselves.

Recovery in the States

The campaign for the enforcement of Mr. Roosevelt's voluntary code of hours and wages is now organised into a formidable engine of social pressure. What uplift and the organised boycott of dissenters can do will be done. But the upward tendency of trade and employment, though perceptible enough, is not yet moving at a pace that answers to the President's plans. Miss Perkins, the Secretary of Labour, estimates that 400,000 of the unemployed were reabsorbed by factories and manufacturing industries in July, which brings the total, since the inauguration in March, to 1,100,000, which is promising, but which sounds less splendid when one recalls that the total of the unemployed was round about 14,000,000. There has been, accordingly, a speeding-up of the tempo at Washington, in the effort to get codes adopted for the more difficult basic industries. Persuasion has been dropped, and General Johnson, with the President personally intervening to back him, is now dictating to oil, coal and steel.

The Open Shop

The difficulty in prescribing a "code of fair competition" for oil turned chiefly on the regulation of prices. The Standard interests had fought bitterly for four weeks against any control of prices. Finally General Johnson closured the demand, stopped the futile negotiations, and circulated a code of his own, which is now duly adopted and signed. It provides for a week of 40 hours, for considerable increases in wage rates, and for the regulation of prices by the President. With coal and iron the battle turns on the "open shop," for the dictators of these industries have never conceded, and probably do not even now mean to concede recognition to any but their own "yellow" unions. The code imposed on iron and steel requires a 40 hours week, where previously the 10 hour day prevailed, but it does not settle the question of recognition. Round that, in this industry as in coal, the decisive battle has yet to be fought.

Assyrians and the League

The Mar Shimum has petitioned the League about the plight of the Assyrians. This petition was sent in virtue of the declaration made to the League Council by the Iraqi Government accepting the principles of the treaties for the League protection of minorities. It has been circulated "urgently," which means that, contrary to ordinary procedure, it has been communicated simultaneously to the Members of the Council and to the Iraqi Government, and that it will automatically come before a "Minorities Committee" composed of the President and two Members of the Council, who will report to the Council. Since minorities cannot themselves put any question on the Council's Agenda, it is the duty of some Government Member of the Council to bring the question to the attention of the Council. Now the British Government has more influence over the Iraqi Government than all the rest of the Council put together. It was the British Government which insisted upon terminating the mandate and getting Iraq admitted into the League. In order to dispel the misgivings expressed at the time by the Mandates Commission and by other Members of the Council, the British Government expressed the view that the assurances of the Iraqi Government on the one hand and the working of the League system for protecting minorities on the other gave all the requisite guarantees. Our Government said: "Should Iraq prove herself unworthy of the confidence which has been placed in her, the moral responsibility must rest with H.M. Government." That to-day is just where the moral responsibility does rest.

Andorra

The minutest and the most venerable of Europe's republics has been invaded by a force of no less than sixty gendarmes, and its sovereign people must now submit to the feudal overlords. It is reassuring that the senior of these two is the President of the French Republic: the other is a Spanish bishop. The French gendarmes arrested the local police force, and put the French agent, who turned out to be an officer of gendarmes, in charge of the Republic, and in the name of the Suzerains he

deposed its governing council. What next will happen is uncertain; probably nothing more terrible than an election for the first time under universal suffrage. Why the French overlord took the unrest in Andorra, and the revolt of the younger against the older generation so much to heart, one can only guess. Was it because the young men have developed a Catalan nationalism, and were looking to Barcelona as their spiritual home?

The Golden Grain

"Those who harvested the golden grain, and those who flung it to the winds like rain" have been in conference this week in London, continuing the discussion begun in Geneva and at the World Economic Conference. Since these earlier discussions nature has been only too un-niggardly; Canada has a bumper carry-over this year of about 80,000,000 bushels; despite the "fortunate" meagreness of the U.S.A. crop the accumulated carry-over there is the largest recorded, about 385,000,000 bushels or about 60 per cent. of a normal crop; our latter-day Little-Englanders have done their best, and have sent this year's British wheat harvest about 40 per cent. up on last year's figure, thanks to the guaranteed price maintained at the expense of the consumer; even Russia's harvest is now stated to be better than anticipated. As a result of pressure from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, a draft agreement was this week submitted by the Big Four wheat-exporting countries (Argentina, Australia, Canada and U.S.A.) in collaboration with other exporting countries. The agreement—which seems to come out of *Sylvie and Bruno* "Less Bread! More Taxes"—provides for (*a*) no further extensions of wheat acreage and no further Governmental measures to increase domestic wheat production—a good example of locking a stable door after the horse has bolted; (*b*) efforts to increase consumption, doubtless by means of exhortation to "Eat More Bread"; (*c*) lowering of customs duties (and a modification of the import quota system) when wheat prices reach and maintain an agreed average for a specified period, but such price is not to be so high as to extend cultivation again—which is the economics of Turveydom with a vengeance.

Labour Policy

In obedience to its instructions at the Leicester Conference last year, the Labour Party Executive is publishing a very interesting series of policy reports for consideration at the coming Annual Conference at Hastings. They cover a wide field, from Housing and the National Planning of Transport to Colonial Policy and Currency, Banking and Finance. We shall take the opportunity before the Hastings Conference to examine these reports in some detail. The press has so far only shown interest in the banking report, which accepts the decision of last year's conference to demand the public control not only of the Bank of England but also of the Joint-Stock Banks. The reason for adopting this whole-hogging attitude is that the Labour Party is convinced of the impossibility of carrying out the drastic industrial reorganisation scheme it demands without complete control of the mechanism of finance. This advanced attitude has naturally been seized upon as a proof of dangerous Left-Wing tendencies in the Labour Party. In our view, to advocate complete financial control by the State will only frighten the electorate in the present circumstances if it is not accompanied by a clear statement of the banking and currency policy which the Labour Party proposes to adopt when it has the machinery in its hands. We have no doubt that Mr. Henderson, in his triumphant career at Clay Cross, is very well aware that people are likely to be scared of a demand for drastic powers unless they know how they are to be used, but that they are prepared for all sorts of semi-revolutionary proposals if worked out to a convincing and practical form.

Lord Marley, Pacifist

One would have expected the refusal to allow a British peer and the chief Opposition Whip in the House of Lords to land in a friendly country to be taken up as a somewhat important international incident. But Lord Marley's exclusion from Japan—he was only proposing to spend a few days there—has scarcely interested our Conservative papers. For Lord Marley is a Labour Peer and, more than that, a pacifist endeavouring with his colleagues to set up a small centre of peaceful activity in the Far East, where peace is even more out of fashion than in Europe. His object in going to Japan was to find there one or two like-minded people who would accompany him on his international mission to China. It is a significant commentary on conditions under the present Japanese dictatorship that it was not thought safe for this very respectable representative of British Labour and British pacifism even to set foot in the realm of the Mikado. It is significant, too, that in this country the only protest should come from the Anti-war Council.

The B.B.C. and the Theatres

Just as the well-publicised wireless exhibition at Olympia fades out of the news, the "B.B.C.—Theatre War" breaks out all over the front pages of the evening papers. The General Theatres Corporation forbids its stars to broadcast; the "General of the Anti-B.B.C. forces," Mr. George Black, announces a prohibition of wireless relays from theatres controlled by the General Theatres Corporation. Both sides deny that there is a war on, both at the same time take good care that the newspapers get plenty of "incidents" to go on with, and the new radio revue, and Miss Evelyn Laye, and Moss Empires and the Palladium Theatre, get thousands of pounds worth of free publicity. As Jorrocks said of hunting, you get "All the glory of war and only twenty-five per cent. of the danger." A well-run shindy like this is a boon to all concerned, especially in the middle of August with nothing but Dollfuss and the "Surrey Terror" to fill the gap left by the fire-case. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at the front describes as "curious" and "dramatic" the fact that in the middle of the war, Mr. Black has chosen the radio revue *Nine Days Wonder* to top the bill at the Palladium. And indeed it would be curious and dramatic if this were a war and not a publicity stunt. As for the prohibition of wireless relays from theatres, the subject has long since ceased to be of any practical importance. Stage shows relayed from the stage have long ago been found to be a poor form of entertainment. The whole movement of radio entertainment technique is in the direction of producing plays specially written for the microphone.

THE INSTINCTIVE REBEL

THE Government of India have ceased to be afraid of Mr. Gandhi, but they still fear his ghost. Knowing that it would haunt their threshold if he died on their hands, they have again unconditionally released him. Exactly why they should have haggled with him about the conditions of his work for the Untouchables we scarcely know; for Mr. Gandhi has ceased to be a dangerous leader of rebellion and if he had once again committed some symbolic act of defiance, would the pillars of the Empire have shaken? It survived the boiling in a reed hut of a kettle full of sea water to make contraband salt and it would surely have been wise to run the risk again without waiting for the threat of death to turn what might have been generosity into a mere act of expediency.

Mr. Gandhi began his fast to death, on this occasion, because facilities were denied him to continue his work for the Untouchables. He did it, he declared, not by way of putting pressure on the Government, but simply for his own ease of mind. Life had no value, if he must cease from this crusade. There was, perhaps, a trace of inconsistency here. If he did not wish to influence the Government that had imprisoned him, why address it in this rather elaborate letter which, though it disavowed any intention to foment renewed civil disobedience, was certain to look like another challenge to Government authority?

With all his gallant obstinacy in refusing to admit defeat, he knows like everyone else that for the present, if not for all time, any hope of achieving India's liberation by these means is at an end. Small-scale unorganised acts of mild defiance, if they kept the memory of his greater campaigns alive, would also advertise their failure. The Government saw this inconsistency, and suavely underlined it. It offered immediate release, if he would abandon civil disobedience; but failing such an act of grace, or realism, or weakness—call it what you will—he should have reasonable facilities in prison for his journalistic work on behalf of the out-castes. Tempted at first to accept, Mr. Gandhi, after the briefest trial, found these facilities insufficient, and his fast continued. Now it is broken and he is free. The Government was too adroit to let him die a prisoner.

What must we think in this time of this unusual man? He has known his days of triumph, when uncountable millions obeyed him, and pilgrims prostrated themselves before him as a god. To-day, can anyone who has known him watch him without perceiving that he is weary of life? Time after time, like a knight in the age of chivalry charging into the thickest of the foe, as his army deserts him in flight, he has courted death. He, too, seeks to sell life dearly, for if he goes down, he reckons that by the inscrutable laws of causality that govern the world of spirit, his sacrifice will serve the cause of the Untouchables. It doubtless would. These out-castes for whom he had died would be transmuted by the alchemy of mass-emotion into quasi-sacred beings, invested with a paradoxical worth. Others would be stirred to offer something in effort or wealth to raise them in the social scale. On the hard hearts of the orthodox would fall the curses and the anger of the millions who adored this saint.

So we suppose he reasons, and this for many a month his intimate friends have dreaded. It is not a cowardly suicide of despair: something, he calculates, that may be positive and lasting can be won by a voluntary death. But underneath this characteristic subtlety, who can doubt that the gay heart in the emaciated body is broken? With all its quips of humour, its amiable vanities, its manifest zest in life that no doctrine or practice of asceticism could quite destroy, it is tired of strife. He has always had an instinct for drama: he cannot seek repose in a humdrum way. Above all, precisely because the realisation of failure must have invaded him in his hours of silence; for the very reason that he may, in his inner mind, be torn with doubts about the wisdom and efficacy of his tactics, he could not make the renunciation that the Government required. It is not—certainly not in his conscious mind—a matter of personal prestige: more than once in his career he has boldly admitted an error. The obstacle is that he is the custodian of an idea, that came to him, as he believes, from God. Perhaps he is guilty of the "sin of pride." He has his Socratic "daemon" who speaks to him out of the silence, and we who think we know something about the Subconscious, have not stripped it of its mystery by giving it that name.

He is, indeed, a man of instinct. Education and long practice in debate have taught him to build for his beliefs and impulses a structure of reasoning and casuistry, often ingenious even when it seems riddled with contradictions. But this magnetic mind of his does not work by conscious, logical processes. Speech, in talking to him, is almost a superfluity, for he has grasped one's thought before one's sentence is completed. What really spoke in him was a continuous racial memory that has lived on in his people for thousands of years, deeper than any doctrine, for it is rather a posture of mind, a poise of the mental muscles, than a verbal tradition. It spoke in his acts and his gestures more clearly than in his writings. Every Indian understood him when he stripped himself to his loin-cloth, lest he should seem to go better clad than the least of the Untouchables. Everyone understood him when he revived the ancient practice of non-co-operation. He might build a metaphysical superstructure around it: he might embarrass himself by trying to derive the boycott of Lancashire cotton from the law of love. What really mattered was that his "daemon," his Subconscious, his racial memory, had broken at last through the uncomfortable foreign clothes of Western education and democratic rationalism and had rediscovered the natural tactic of a race whose slight muscles do not readily strike out from the shoulder, yet stiffen to immobility in a trial of endurance.

So it is with his ordeal by starvation. From time immemorial a subject whom a Rajah had wronged, a creditor whom a powerful debtor had forgotten, would lie down at the great man's door and starve himself to death. This method of spiritual coercion is occasionally practised even in modern India, and often it succeeds, for few will take the risk of being haunted by a ghost that has acquired spiritual power by this final austerity. Mr. Gandhi's conscious mind is by many centuries removed from this primitive world of belief, but in his Subconscious, who can doubt that it lives on, and inspires his actions if not his words?

THE PRESENT CONFUSION

I.—CAPITALISM ON TRIAL

ALL over the world to-day, the capitalist system is on trial. It is in peril of its life not only in Europe, where it has long had to meet the challenge of an active Socialist movement, but also in the United States, where until now its position has appeared impregnable. For Socialism has never yet become in America a force to be reckoned with; and until only the other day Socialism, based on the working-class movement, seemed to present the only serious challenge which Capitalism had to meet. But now the situation has become far more complicated than the simple confrontation of Socialism and Capitalism made it out to be. For not only has Socialism itself divided at the cross-roads of the Russian Revolution into two separate and often antagonistic movements, but also there have arisen, and are arising, new forms of society which it is a puzzle to categorise aright. Is "National Socialism" —which, whatever it may be, is certainly not Socialism—a form of Capitalism, or a new third alternative to the previous antagonists? And is the new order which President Roosevelt is trying to set up in the United States, as a way out of the present depression, merely a reshuffling of the capitalist pack, or the beginning of a new system which will so differ from the old capitalistic society as to merit a new name?

It is extraordinarily hard to give a confident answer to these questions in a situation so confusing as that of to-day. Or rather, it is simple enough to give an answer, if one is content merely to apply old categories to new situations, without going to the trouble of thinking things out afresh, but very hard to think clearly about new forces which are only now beginning to define themselves in action. For at any rate in politics no force can be really defined till it has been tested by practical experience. What can be seen is that the present world situation quite lacks the simplicity attributed by the traditional analyses, and is therefore discomfiting both to the advocates of capitalist *laissez-faire*—above all to the theoretical economists and the orthodox financiers of the old order—and to Socialists who have grown up unquestioningly in the rival orthodoxy of Marxism. For, whereas the former have to reckon with the patent fact that the capitalist system, under present conditions, does not work, or works at any rate so badly as to be in constant danger of ceasing to work at all, the Socialists are in the quandary of finding that the growing difficulties of Capitalism do not necessarily bring with them, at least in the short run, the triumph of Socialism, and that the simple conception of society as divided between capitalists and proletariat —the Haves and the Have-Nots—by no means adequately expresses the actual divisions of economic classes in the advanced industrial societies of to-day.

Orthodox Social Democrats are, indeed, in a more confusing theoretical pickle than the stalwarts of private enterprise. For while professors and bankers continue to tell the world, in a mournful chorus, that all its troubles arise from not letting ill alone, and so suffering it to be transmuted mysteriously into good, the Social Democrats hardly know whether they are standing on their head or their heels. First, there was the awkwardness of the Socialist Revolution happening first of all in the wrong country—in a country which, according to the recognised rules, was demonstrably "unripe" for Socialism. Then there was the growing tendency of many people in many countries to question the basic assumptions of the established theories of parliamentary democracy which the Social Democrats had taken over from their Radical predecessors. Thirdly there was the eclipse of Socialism and of the organised working-class movements on which it relied for its driving force, first in Italy and then—far more disastrously—in Germany as well. And fourthly there was, in the countries which did not fall a prey to Fascism, a growing sense of stalemate; for the Socialists, having advanced far enough to prevent the capitalist parties from governing in a purely capitalist fashion, had to realise the great difficulties which still remained in the path of their further advance to a definitive conquest of political and economic power. Socialists found themselves forced to assume, far sooner than they had expected, the responsibility of governing—on condition of doing so according to capitalist principles, and refraining from any real attempt to set up a Socialist system. Or they had to support capitalist governments of the "Left," in order to avoid the return to power of governments of the "Right" more hostile to working-class claims. They had, in fact, to try to make the capitalist system work better, though their supposed *raison d'être* was to destroy it, because they did not feel, and were not, strong enough to replace it by an alternative system of their own.

Yet these accumulating troubles of the world's Socialist movements do not at all serve to free the capitalist system from its anxieties. For the strongest card of the defenders of Capitalism has always been that, despite all its imperfections and injustices—which are not denied—it does somehow on the whole contrive to "deliver the goods." That, however, is just what to-day it is obviously failing to do. For, in face of an unprecedentedly rapid advance in productive power in both industry and agriculture, which ought in plain common sense to yield to every section of every community a rapidly rising standard of life, the wheels of production are slowing down, unemployment and distress exist on a scale unknown to living memory, and every nation is engaged, not in making the most of the new opportunities for wealth, but in an undignified, and for the most part unsuccessful, scramble for shelter from the universal storm.

In these circumstances no thinking man can rest satisfied with Capitalism as it is, or respect a system which, having the means to produce abundance, can find no way of distributing the wealth that is its for the taking. The intellectual case against Capitalism thus becomes overwhelmingly strong, and is reinforced every day by the spectacle of economic and political futility which the capitalist world presents. It does not take a clever man to see that there must be something radically wrong with a system which holds it "cheaper" to maintain many millions of people in idleness than to set them to useful work, and wrings its hands not because goods are scarce, but because it can find no means of agreeing, by concerted restriction of output, to remove the curse of plenty which has fallen upon it.

Intellectually, and by way of practical object-lesson, the traditional capitalist defences are down, and the orthodox defenders of the system as it is are growingly conscious of the certainty of defeat, unless they can find reinforcements. But, though the wall is breached, are the Socialists strong enough to take the citadel? The German Socialist movement was reputed among the strongest in the world; and German Capitalism was undeniably battered and broken. But Hitler, and not Otto Wels, led his storm troops to the conquest of the Weimar Republic, even as Mussolini, ten years earlier, had easily routed the divided and hesitant forces of Italian Socialism. Moreover, whatever system is destined to emerge out of the courageous opportunism of President Roosevelt's policy in the United States, it will certainly not be Socialism in any sense hitherto attached to the word. State-controlled Capitalism, perhaps; or perhaps something so different from anything the world has known or thought hitherto as to require a new name. But Socialism, built on the class-struggle and using as its instrument the working-class movement—that, assuredly not.

It is too much, no doubt, to hope to distil clarity out of the muddied waters of the world of to-day; but we can, and must, at any rate make some attempt to evaluate the forces that are at work. It is useful to put the right questions, even if we cannot at present find complete or satisfactory answers; for, as any thinker knows, putting the right questions is the first essential step towards clearing up a problem, and wrong questions, far more than wrong answers, are at the root of false and unproductive thinking. What, then, are the vital questions which we must ask ourselves, if we are to

set out on the right road towards a solution of our difficulties?

First and foremost, out of all the many things that are amiss with the world to-day, which is fundamental? Which, that is, underlies and is chiefly responsible for the rest? Secondly, what forces are at hand, and can be used to best advantage, for putting right the fundamental evil, whatever we may discover it to be? Thirdly, what forces stand chiefly in the way of putting it right, and can these forces be amended and turned into instruments of the sound policy, or must they be simply fought and overthrown? And, finally, what is, within the limits set by inescapable facts of human and physical nature, the kind of new society we want to build? Many, I know, would put the fourth question first. I put it last, because I am certain that it is merely Utopian to devise a new pattern for society, save in the light of the present evils from which men are seeking to escape, and of the forces with whose aid, or against whose opposition, any advance will have to be made. Which is, in effect, to say that theories and ideals, if they are to be fruitful, must arise out of solid facts and living forces, and be remade by each generation in terms of its own problems and of the materials that lie ready to its hand.

G. D. H. COLE

(*To be continued*)

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE been trying to discover the rights and wrongs of the tithe controversy. It is a quite incredibly complex business. None of the articles I've seen about it really explains the situation, and the only people making anything out of it are learned counsel, who have to be consulted at every point by the tithe-owners and who are themselves far from confident that their opinions will be upheld in the Courts. A few points are quite clear. The first vice of the 1925 Act was that it fixed tithes at an inelastic rate, so that in the most depressed districts some of the farmers have a very real grievance. But the 1925 Act had a worse vice. It did nothing to change the ancient procedure which forces the tithe-owner, if he wants to collect his tithe from a defaulter, to resort to the brutal and embarrassing seventeenth-century methods of distraint which have long been abolished in dealing with other forms of debt. Theoretically the tithe-owner is in an absolutely impregnable position. But, as one of the owners who has been concerned with a lot of the recent trouble put it to me, the very possession of these obsolete weapons for enforcing his rights puts him in a hopeless position. His only remedy is to send men forcibly to distrain. If he does use this, his one legal method of recovery, the result is great expense and ludicrous brawling which makes him appear an ogre in the eyes of the public. If he allows the hard cases to lapse altogether (frequently no collection has been made for years) the word goes round and everyone in the district defaults. And that he simply cannot afford to allow, if only for the very good reason that he himself has to pay rates on all his tithes whether he collects them or not. Which is a very pretty mess for our Government to clear up in the near future.

* * *

On Friday night I found a journalist, the English correspondent of a well-known American paper, composing copy at an immense pace. As there seemed no very outstanding news I asked him what all the excitement was about. "Why, man," he replied, "this fire insurance crook trial of yours is the best news I've had for months. My paper is featuring two to three columns on it every day. Your papers have been full up with American gangsters and the rest of it for years. Do you think we are not interested when England unearths a first-class gang of crooks making millions of dollars out of arson and bribery? Why, before this thing is through we'll have England looking in Chicago like Chicago looks in London!"

The press announcement that the *Spectator* has bought *Everyman* is inaccurate. It has now passed into the possession of a new company on which, I gather, certain members of the board of the *Spectator* hold the predominant interest. The distinction is important because, with Mr. Wilson Harris as Editor, the *Spectator* has become more Liberal in its politics, while *Everyman*, which is to have no editorial connection with the *Spectator*, is to be edited by Major Yeats-Brown, who now calls himself a Fascist. I am not sure how much change will be necessary in *Everyman*. Ever since it was acquired by the late Sir Robert Donald its politics, in so far as it has had any, have mingled support of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with an unpleasantly snobbish type of nationalism. Major Yeats-Brown is a descriptive writer with an excellent literary style: his politics blend the good manners and militarism of an ex-cavalry officer with a mysticism learnt from Gandhi. I learn from one of his friends that he has now retired to the country to fast in preparation for his new task.

* * *

I am glad to see that the trustees of Lord Leverhulme's will have not restricted their research endowments to science in the more limited sense. They have £12,000 a year to allot, not to beginners but to advanced research workers. Mr. H. G. Farmer is to be aided in his work on Arabian music, Mr. L. S. B. Leakey—an excellent choice—to continue his researches into the origin of East African cultures, and Professor Dover Wilson to have a holiday from the grind of teaching to enable him to finish his Shakespearian research. But I am most interested to see that C. K. Ogden, the founder of "Basic English" and of much else that is ingenious, is to have the chance of inventing another language or two. He is best known as the editor of Kegan Paul's admirable Library of Psychology and Philosophy. I have a great respect for Basic English, which is more likely to be useful than Esperanto or any of the composite international languages. It is easily learnt and the prose that can be written in its small vocabulary of basic words is surprisingly good. Ogden is a person of wide and curious erudition, and in conversation the most devastating "debunker" I know. It was he who founded and ran the *Cambridge Magazine* which wrought patriots to the point of frenzy by publishing extracts from enemy newspapers during the war. In those days he had a very peculiar sense of humour. When a certain titled Member of Parliament named Butcher demanded the suppression of the *Cambridge Magazine*, Ogden had the name expunged from the outside of one of his shops in Cambridge (he had three or four Cambridge Magazine bookshops then) and the words "The Butchery" substituted in large letters. He wrote in his paper under the name of Adeline More (I think that's how he spelt it), and one of his later contributions was a review of a pacifist anthology over his own initials in which he remarked that the selection was in some ways curious, since it contained extracts from St. Francis and Erasmus, but "none from J. Christ or Adeline More."

* * *

I am indebted to a correspondent for a letter which contains the following illuminating passage:

When we all get back to twice one are two and a spade a spade truly it is at such a time that a true brotherhood will evolve for the saving of all, but time is and now when things are to be blacker and blacker until a full ripeness obtains and the lightning streak flashes its power dissolving and obliterating the "evil" once and for ever.

* * *

Unfriendly China. Still Refrains from Exhibiting Gratitude towards Japan—headline in the *Japan Chronicle*.

* * *

Mr. J. Alfred Eggar said that to stop drag hunting would be un-English: it savoured of Ireland. Report in the *Farnham Herald*.

* * *

Then I saw in a very smart Oxford Street shop a two-sided lipstick. One side was light red, and used for day, and one was darker, and used for evening. They have these sticks in different shades of red. Some people use the point of the stick and get a pleasing blend of the two colours. I call this a good economy dodge.—Lady Muriel Beckwith in the *Sunday Times*.

In regard to meat for the Forces, if we could do something to stop these damned Pacifists the Army might then be allowed to spend a little more money buying home-produced meat. The whole difficulty, therefore, is the League of Nations, the Socialists, Pacifists and Liberals who are all crying out against the expenditure on the Forces. Personally I should tell the lot to go to Hell.—Lord Lymington, M.P. for Basingstoke.

* * *

Every English schoolboy learns the story of Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced tobacco into England, and the first time he smoked, said to his servant, "Dear Ridley, we shall to-day set alight such a candle in England as, if God wills, shall never be put out."—*Berliner Boersen Courier.*

CRITIC

A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP

Somewhere in Germany, August, 1933.

[*The following letter, which gives a description of life in a Nazi concentration camp, was smuggled out of Germany and posted to us from a neighbouring country. Its authors—a group of intellectuals from a large German city—naturally cannot give their names, and we have suppressed indications of their whereabouts, but the names of the camp and of the people mentioned in the report are in our possession.*—EDITOR, *N.S. & N.*]

ABOUT thirty miles from X can be found one of those places, innumerable in the present Fascist Germany, where a savage inquisition is master: a concentration camp. Here the Nazi dictatorship has interned people of all conditions, Communists, Social-Democrats, workmen and intellectuals, who for the most part cannot have been guilty of reprehensible action under the Nazi regime, since they were interned at the very beginning of the Terror. They are there, about 1,000 of them, because of their opinions and their former political activities. The camp is centred in an old house which, having been unused for years, is now in a state of complete dilapidation. Of the prisoners, about 80 per cent. are Communists, workmen and intellectuals, and the rest Social-Democrats or people who belong to no political party. Many of the latter are absolutely harmless and have been the victims of informers; they include men over seventy years old and disabled ex-soldiers.

In each of the rooms of the building, which are about twenty feet square, are quartered twenty to twenty-five prisoners. They live on the floor, which, with a covering of filthy straw, takes the place of beds, tables and chairs. The camp is guarded by S.A.s of the —— Regiment. The food is very badly cooked and of doubtful quality; the prisoners are obliged to eat without seats or tables and to peel the potatoes which are given to them with their fingers. Each is supplied with one tin spoon. The daily ration per prisoner is worth at the most forty or fifty pfennig. The prisoners have to sleep in rooms brilliantly lit by electricity and with all the doors wide open, constantly disturbed by the noise of the sentries and the cries of those who are being subjected to corporal punishment. They are frequently turned out of doors, so that they cannot sleep. Water for washing drips, drop by drop, from the ceilings, where the pipes have been perforated, and groups of thirty or forty struggle to catch it.

The prisoners are treated with extreme brutality. The guard of S.A. is composed mainly of young men who seem with a few exceptions to be sadists. Complaints addressed to the Camp Commissioner generally produce effects contrary to those hoped for and are ferociously punished by the S.A. When a prisoner wants to ask for something or other, such as permission to wash or to relieve nature, he must stand at attention before a soldier and make a military "about turn" after speaking to him. The same rule applies when a prisoner is spoken to by one of the guard. Each soldier insists on a different position; for one, the arms must be stretched out straight, for another they must be bent, for a third the hands must be opened, and so forth. It is impossible to satisfy them, though there are many old soldiers among the prisoners. This business often ends in blows from rubber life-preservers. The prisoners are forced to sing nationalist songs under the instruction of "teachers" from X. "Fatigues" are many and various: carting cinders, carting coal, emptying privies, scullery work, etc.

Visits are allowed only once a fortnight and must not last more than ten minutes. On these occasions the prisoners are surrounded by S.A. During the visits it is, of course, impossible to speak of anything of importance. Orders are sometimes given to cross-examine prisoners and visitors, and this leads to the greatest abuses. Prisoners are ordered to their rooms and forbidden to stay in the corridors. A tub of water is placed in front of the door of a room. The prisoner who is being questioned in the room must stand before a table, holding up his hands. A "commissary," surrounded by about twenty S.A., does the questioning. When it is finished he leaves the room. The S.A. then throw the prisoner on the table and fall upon him with their life-preservers. They beat him on the loins, the back, the buttocks, etc. His cries are heard in the neighbouring rooms. After the beating the prisoner collapses into the tub of water. Then he is thrown into a cell until he recovers.

New arrivals are subjected to all sorts of teasing. First they are obliged to do exercises, during which they are thoroughly knocked about. A whole contingent of prisoners from ——, in —— were beaten up. An ex-soldier who had lost a leg in the war suffered the same treatment as the rest. A contingent of seventy prisoners from —— were so ill-treated that the Nazis' female cook and the wife of the S.A.M. were horrified and begged for mercy. One of them, a workman and a former Social-Democrat, who was suffering from a nervous disorder, went mad. Other prisoners saw him taken away from the camp in handcuffs, with foam on his lips. Prisoners say that some of their number, whose names they can give, had festering wounds; their shirts were soaked with blood and pus. Among many others, six names are specially mentioned. Prisoners are punished by being made to remain standing or to run for hours on end, to stand up all night, holding up one arm, and so forth. A Social-Democrat party secretary and a cashier have been chosen out for particularly brutal bullying.

Now comes the worst: all the prisoners who are released have to sign a promise that they will say nothing unfavourable about their food, their treatment, etc., and that they will take no part in "Marxist" propaganda. Some time after their release they receive a paper form, signed by the police authorities, stating where and for how long they were interned and ordering them to pay a sum amounting to two marks a day (fourteen marks a week) for the expenses incurred in keeping them in the internment camp. The dole allowed to an unemployed family is 15½ marks per week, from which two marks must be deducted for rent.

The result of this incarceration is that the prisoners go home with increased hatred for the present regime; a fact which in the near future will have grave consequences for the responsible authorities. The prisoners hold their political views more strongly than ever. An army of thousands of workmen and intellectuals is being prepared, and German Fascism will soon come to an end.

We venture to send you this account of the terrible life in one of the concentration camps of Germany and ask you to make it known to the German-speaking populations. The report is authentic and is based on the reports of many released prisoners. While leaving aside the political reasons for which these workmen and intellectuals have been imprisoned, one should surely take account of the principles of humanity. Compassion for these unhappy people impels us to ask you to make known to the civilised world what is happening in Germany. This banditry, based upon incitement to war, may well plunge the whole world once more into fire and blood.

We count on your support.

Unfortunately the present state of affairs in Germany compels us to send you this communication unsigned. We offer you our anticipated thanks for your help.

A FEW INTELLECTUALS OF X

REASONS FOR AND AGAINST SMOKING

A BENEVOLENT reader, having seen something I had written on the subject of tobacco, recently sent me a leaflet entitled, "Twelve Plain Reasons Against Smoking." It is the work of an eminent clergyman, and it is published by the British Union of Non-Smokers. For many years past I have been searching for good and effective reasons against smoking. I am sure that such reasons exist and I mean to persevere till I have discovered them. I can honestly say, however, that I have never yet found a reason that persuaded me to give up smoking permanently. When I have given it up temporarily, my motive has nearly always been sordid or selfish. Either I was feeling nervous about my health, or in an access of vanity I wanted to strengthen my character. As soon as I ceased to feel nervous about my health, however, or decided that it was easier to strengthen my character in some other way, there seemed to be no valid reason for further abstinence and I resumed my usual habits.

The twelve reasons given against smoking in the clergyman's leaflet seem to me so unconvincing that if I were a non-smoker I should be tempted after reading them to go out and buy a pipe. I should feel that if the habit of non-smoking led to such illogical thinking, there must be something to be said for a generous use of tobacco. First, we are told, for example, that smoking "is an unnatural habit, and therefore harmful to the body. Exceptions," the writer adds, "prove the rule"! Now, if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that exceptions never proved any rule whatever since the creation of Adam. The existence of an occasional white blackbird does not prove that blackbirds are black. If a Mohammedan gets drunk, this does not prove that all Mohammedans are teetotallers. Every time it occurs, indeed, it weakens the evidence for this statement. Apart from this, what are we to think of the reasoning of a writer who tells us that smoking "is an unnatural habit, and therefore harmful to the body"? Why "therefore"? Is there any proof that unnatural habits are more harmful to the body than natural habits? The moral progress of mankind has been largely the result of the struggle to suppress various natural habits. Fighting is a natural habit which has injured more bodies than all the tobacco that was ever grown. Overeating is a natural habit from the harmful effects of which human beings are saved only by the unnatural habit of swallowing pills and potions. Everything condemned in the Ten Commandments is a natural habit. If we are to return to nature we must first abandon both civilisation and religion. To make marks on paper with a pen, and to have other marks representing these printed on the side of a leaflet, is an unnatural habit; and to read them is an unnatural habit. Because of this, would the author of the leaflet add: "and therefore harmful to the body"?

It may be that he is a child of nature, but so am not I. There is scarcely a minute of the day in which I could claim to live according to nature. I begin the day by indulging in the unnatural habit of tea-drinking. I spread unnatural butter on my unnatural toast with an unnatural knife. I put unnatural bacon into my mouth with an unnatural fork. During this time I read three unnatural newspapers, and continue to do so while smoking unnatural after-breakfast cigarettes. After a time—for I breakfast in bed—I go into the bathroom where I take up an unnatural tube of tooth-paste and squeeze some of the paste out on to an unnatural brush. I then take up an unnatural stick of shaving-soap and, having charged another unnatural brush with the stuff, begin to lather my face, where a beautiful natural beard has been growing through the night. With an unnatural instrument known as a safety razor I mow the traces of nature from my cheeks, throat and chin. I turn on an unnatural tap from which hot water pours into my bath, and, having plunged my body into this, I dry myself with an unnatural towel. I dress myself in unnatural clothes, and put on a pair of unnatural shoes, carefully tying the ends of the unnatural laces in an unnatural bow. I seize an unnatural hat, and, turning the unnatural handle of the front door, walk down the path into the unnatural street. I go into town on an unnatural Holborn tram and continue the journey on an unnatural bus. Arriving at the office, I open some unnatural letters and dictate replies to a natural human being who is taking all I say down on an unnatural typewriter. And so throughout the day. Nature may be all very well for a wild beast, but it would never enable a civilised human being to earn a living. To say that smoking is an unnatural habit, therefore, seems to me on the whole to be a reason for, not against, the use of tobacco.

What, then, of the second argument advanced by the leaflet? This is that smoking "is really no use whatever to the mind. In the long run mental labour is injured by it." What evidence, I wonder, does the writer imagine he possesses for this statement? It seems to me that if one said the exact opposite it would sound equally true. And even if smoking were of no use to the mind, what of that? Is eating duck and green peas of use to the mind? Is it because it is of use to the mind that people play or watch cricket? Are we to banish all physical pleasures from our lives because they put no strain on our intellects? This is surely highbrowism in its most melancholy form. The third reason against smoking is no more convincing. "It makes a man content with less than his best and utmost in proportion as it gets hold of him." Here, again, the writer produces no evidence. It has certainly not yet been proved that Stevenson's struggle after perfection of style became feeble as a result of cigarette-smoking. The fact is that smoking may make a man more contented, but, even though it makes him more discontented, I have never heard of non-smoking turning a bad writer into a good one.

Smoking, we are told further, "tends to self-indulgence, and so weakens the moral character." But why should a thing weaken the moral character because it tends to self-indulgence? After-dinner coffee tends to self-indulgence, yet many men drink coffee without apparent loss of character. Armchairs tend to self-indulgence, yet I have seen a saint sitting in an armchair. If self-indulgence is vicious, why not abolish those orgies of self-indulgence, the summer holidays? But, protests the writer, smoking also "leads on to selfishness and coarseness, in that it cannot be freely indulged in without constant annoyance to others." The audacity of this statement takes one's breath away. Surely the writer must know that it is the non-smokers—not the smokers—who most constantly cause annoyance to others. No smoker objects to a non-smoker's sitting in a smoking compartment of a train with him. See how the non-smoker fumes, however, if a smoker comes into a non-smoking compartment and lights a cigar. Smokers welcome the presence of non-smokers in the theatres, but what an outcry there is from the non-smokers when the smokers are given the same liberty as themselves—to smoke or not to smoke in the theatre, as they please! All that the smoker asks is equality. This the non-smoker is too selfish to concede except under compulsion. I once knew a saintly missionary who, when staying in the house of a non-smoker, had to get into the fire-place of his bedroom and smoke his pipe up the chimney. Did a smoker ever force a non-smoker to crouch thus ignobly in a fire place? When I think of the selfishness of non-smokers—their indifference to the comfort of smokers, their cold-blooded subjection of smokers in many instances to torture—I am appalled, as when I read of the cruelties of the Inquisition.

I have unfortunately neither space nor time to expose all the fallacies of the writer of the leaflet. I must quote one more passage, however. "Smoking," says the writer, "is intimately connected with drink and gambling. All smokers certainly are not blackguards or criminals; but, with scarcely an exception, all criminals and blackguards are smokers." I was under the impression myself that some of the most notorious

criminals of recent years were non-smokers and teetotallers! It is a well-known fact, too, that in the ancient world in which the entire population were non-smokers, crime of the most horrid type was rampant. It was a non-smoker who committed the first sin and brought death into the world and all our woe. Nero was a non-smoker. Lady Macbeth was a non-smoker. Decidedly, the record of the non-smokers leaves them little to be proud of.

Yet there must be some sound arguments against smoking. I wish the writer of the leaflet could have thought of them. I wish I could think of them myself; for I do want to give it up.

Y. Y.

THE NORTHERN MIGRATION OF THE COD

It is only within recent years that, with the growth of the science of animal ecology, the balance has been restored and knowledge of an animal's habits, manner of life and relationship to its environment, have become recognised as in every way as important as its structure and its position in the evolutionary tree. As in so many branches of physical science, progress has been hastened by economic factors. In particular the development of new countries has been impeded time and again by the introduction of animals which, though frequently of considerable economic importance in the countries from which they came and where they had an established niche in the economy of life, ran riot in these new surroundings where the usual checks on their increase were absent.

The study of ecology is just as important in the sea as it is on the land, both from the standpoint of scientific knowledge and economic necessity, though the latter may be less immediately apparent. But, while it may be comparatively easy to account for the behaviour and habits of animals which can be seen and studied the year round in their natural haunts, it is quite another matter when they live in the depths of a medium so obscure and illimitable as the sea. The biologist has then to piece together as best he may random observations from far and wide and endeavour to make a coherent story out of a chaos of apparently discordant facts.

The distribution of actively swimming marine animals is restricted by far fewer barriers than those, such as high mountains, deserts or the sea, which confine land animals. They must not wander too far from suitable spawning grounds or into areas where their natural food is lacking, but apart from these they are restricted by little else than temperature, which allows them a wide field of activity. In spite of this, however, many fish are constant in their habits and distribution, while others, such as the herring, fluctuate from year to year. Yet again, there are fish which definitely move from one area to another or which extend or diminish their range of distribution.

Should these fish be of no particular value as human food the matter remains one of scientific interest only. But should they be important food fishes a great economic problem emerges. It so happens that at the present time the cod, the most important of all bottom feeding fish, is in the process of extending its range northward along the coasts of Greenland, and the study of this, which is being made by Dr. J. Schmidt, the famous Danish oceanographer, and by other Scandinavian biologists, reveals a story which is as fascinating as it is illustrative of the thesis of this article.

Although apparently always present in small numbers in the sheltered waters of the sounds and fjords, cod have only appeared in great numbers there and in the offshore banks along the south-west of Greenland three times during the past century. The first period was about 1820, before European fishing vessels worked in such distant waters, but of which stories were told by the older Greenlanders to the early fishermen. Then the cod disappeared for about twenty-five years, when its return in vast numbers was discovered by two English vessels which were fishing, probably for halibut, on the offshore banks and caught 45,000 cod between them. The following year saw other vessels reaping this rich harvest, which reached its peak in 1848, when one vessel alone caught 44,000 fish. But three years later cod were again so scarce that the fishery was abandoned.

So conditions remained until well into the present century, a few cod being caught in the fjords by the natives, but the halibut reigning supreme on the banks outside. Then, in 1921, the cod began to return, at first in small numbers in the southernmost fjords and on the banks and then in ever-increasing shoals, which extended further and further to the north. The catch of the Faero Island boats alone increased from 142,720 kilograms of cod in 1925 to 3,864,000 kilograms in 1929.

About the same time that the cod began to appear in unusual numbers off the west coast of Greenland, it also made its appearance off the east coast. This was the more remarkable, because the Danish governors of this part of Greenland had never heard of a single cod being caught before 1920, while the eskimo natives, who live largely by fishing, had no word in their language for this fish, although they have their own special names for the other fish. When the cod appeared they adopted the West Greenland Eskimo name for it. Yet the cod do appear to have visited East Greenland in earlier times. Sometime near the end of the sixteenth century an Icelander called Clemens sailed for East Greenland from Latrum in Iceland in an English vessel, and in his story of the voyage he tells how, "The crew intended to go on land to shoot birds, but noticed that the bay was full of cod. They made the boat fast and loaded it full with cod, just as a sample of what the bay held."

Together with the cod, other fish which normally inhabit more southern waters, notably the coalfish, the haddock and the herring, have of recent years appeared in unusual numbers off the south-west coasts of Greenland. On the other hand, the true Arctic animals, the white whale, the little herring-like capelan and the Greenland halibut, have largely disappeared from the southern end of Greenland. There is little doubt that the cause of these profound changes in the population of these waters has been a change in temperature. There has been an unusual scarcity of ice, the winters have been unusually mild and the water temperature high. All this is probably explained by a decline in the strength of the cold currents which flow southward from the Arctic, though what in turn causes this is still beyond our knowledge. But as certainly as the cold current has waned in strength, it will wax again and with it will return the Arctic fish and whales, while the cod and its fellows will return again to more southern seas.

Science can give its greatest help to the deep-sea fishing industry by telling it where—and sometimes how—to fish with the greatest chance of good returns. For the margin between profit and loss in the industry is small these days, and everything may depend upon the right choice of the fishing ground. Where the fisheries are carried out within reasonably close radius of the home ports, the research vessels of the Ministry of Fisheries in England and of the Board of Fisheries in Scotland can collect all the necessary knowledge for such advice. This has been done with conspicuous success in the case of the haddock. But when fishing is carried on far from the home ports, in the Barents Sea off the North of Russia, off Iceland and Greenland, southward off the coasts of Portugal and Morocco, and westward into the Atlantic banks beyond Ireland, our research vessels cannot follow them. The need for accurate knowledge of the distribution of fish is often just as great in these fisheries, as the case of the Greenland cod shows so clearly, while the longer the voyage the greater the loss if fishing is poor. H.M.S. *Challenger*, a survey vessel which was launched during the summer of 1931, was designed for survey work in the northern fishing grounds and for the collection of biological and physical data which would in time have given an accurate picture of the forces which control the ebb and flow of marine life. It is one of the tragedies of "economy" that this programme was abandoned.

There are many ways in which this nation can economise, but surely if there is one form of activity which ought to be helped, it is that of food production. Our greatest problem is undoubtedly our dependance on foreign food. The British fishing industry is one of the greatest sources of food production in the world, capable of supplying all our needs and of maintaining a large export trade. No industry is conducted under such great natural difficulties or makes greater demands on the endurance of the workers. The least the nation can do is to see to it that such help as science can afford is freely given.

C. M. Y.

Correspondence

IRELAND

SIR,—May I congratulate you on publishing, and "Y. Y."—who on the necessary occasions is "too wise" to allow his delicate art to obscure his aim—on contributing the article, "The Patriot," last week? It is the best word-picture of Arthur Griffith one who knew him well remembers to have read. Much of it I can endorse from first-hand knowledge, reaching back into the nineteenth century, and its facts, if laid to heart, would be of real service in our Anglo-Irish situation to-day. It is never possible, indeed, to predict what a dead leader would do or say if he came back to changed conditions. Griffith might still stand for economic nationalism, but economics was never for him an end in itself, and it is as nearly certain as conjecture can be that he would forswear protectionism if he found in it the formidable barrier to an understanding with Belfast which it unquestionably is to-day. It was never in him to say, as Mr. De Valera was reported to have said (and which he must deny or unsay if he ever hopes for a united Ireland during the term of his governance): "Ulster is the rock in our path: we will blast that rock out of our path." In that attitude of mind, as contrasted with Griffith's wish "to create an Irish civilisation that would be as acceptable ultimately to the old Unionists as to the Nationalists" ("Y. Y.'s" reading of Griffith's mind), you will find the clue to the "interpretation" of our difficulties which you seek in your leading article of last week.

With an evident desire to be just and a pardonable recognition of what seems to English publicists our freakishness, you have adventured with a fair measure of success to navigate our political coast line. If the article discloses the fact that there are shoals and shallows here unknown to you, that is only to say that we have had opportunities of sounding them impossible to those who have not dwelt for a lifetime upon our shores. Hence your not unnatural assumption that Griffith's aim was "complete cleavage with England." His aim was "independence"—that is a better translation of Sinn Fein—though inexact—than the mistranslation, "ourselves alone." His symbolism for independence was the crowning of the King of England in Dublin as head of "three Estates of the Realm," the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland. He did not hanker after republicanism—a movement which later side-tracked and threatened to disrupt his own and attracted to it forces he had generated. His own phrase that the Treaty gave us "the substance of freedom" is the key to interpreting his political mind. It would not have been compatible with his view of patriotism that we should "fire the first shot" (President De Valera's admission) in an economic war in repudiation of financial engagements entered into on our behalf by those competent (by our own choice) to represent us; and because of which a new and serious bifurcation of the national mind afflicts us. It is a conflict between those who hold that honour is only consistent with "winning the war" and those who believe a deeper sense of honour demands a truce. Thus there are two kinds of pride competing in the Irish mind. There is a histrionic pride which demands several "curtains" bringing our leading actors before the footlights again and again at the close of a first act. There is also a serious, dramatic mind, looking forward to the next act, impatient of *raimais*, a Gaelic rough equivalent for pseudo-romanticism. What will the next act be?

If Griffith were living now none who have heard him express his ultimate hopes for Ireland can doubt he would bend that steel-like will of his towards a reconciliation of North and South. General O'Duffy's desire to effect that purpose may prove to be his strength if it is firm enough. Many trust his firmness, breadth, fundamental patriotism. His indiscretions are intelligible and forgivable: the unfortunate symbolism of the "blue shirt" in one who has, over and over again, forsworn any intention of dictatorship, the misapplied vocabulary when he uses the substantive "Fascism" as indicating an objective which is inconsistent with his declared purposes, the importance attached to military parades by his unarmed followers, these do not alarm plain citizens who recognise in them examples of that sense of "theatre" behind which most Irishmen mask a sense of realism unsuspected by English observers. It would be an error of judgment to take very seriously what is mere "make-up" and stage property, meant, I believe, to allure the young away from gun play and the sterilities of party factionism, which has blighted us again of late. When General O'Duffy states, as he has emphatically done, that he does not propose to subvert the State but to convert it into an organ making for an effective union with the North, that he intends to do this by the normal methods of parliamentary government and that his organisation is not armed, we believe him. When President De Valera asseverates his desire to avoid civil commotion we believe him, too; but our confidence in his methods would be firmer if his Government did not bark so fiercely at the Blue Shirts, like a too easily roused and wrathful watchdog, whilst, in dealing with the armed I.R.A., its roamings are "like any sucking dove." Of course, when I say "we," it is just to own that this is the error of personification, of which all groups are guilty, and against which Sir Norman Angell so justly protests in *From Chaos to Control*. There is no absolute "we," no "Ireland," no "Ulster," no "England," save those we each of us in both islands and on both sides of the Irish border imagine and thus in part factitiously produce. If, therefore, unreason, international misunderstanding, endless factionism and a prolongation of tragedy is not to rend and perhaps destroy this island, not without some grave repercussions on yours, we shall all of us have to learn the limitations of that "we." Here we should learn that no leader of to-day truly represents our island—not even if, after another election, in which the six Northern counties cannot and would not participate, President De Valera's majority in the Irish Free State were to be doubled. Without some form of compromise, Ireland will never be a whole again in Mr. De Valera's time. This is the potential power of him who knows how to use it. Him alone, if he comes, will history acclaim as Griffith's successor. Everyone wants him, as everyone wants an end of disunion. To do him justice, I believe Mr. De Valera wants this, as does Mr. Cosgrave, General O'Duffy, Mr. MacDermott, Miss MacSweeny. If the union of all Ireland as a homogeneous entity is worth working for, the Government will not proclaim the Blue Shirts (it is probably being debated by the Executive Council as I write), but will realise that their readiness to face "persecution" will give them a strength they cannot easily otherwise obtain: to proclaim this unarmed organisation, and leave an armed I.R.A. armed, is the kind of "lead" that leads to war. Only strict non-militancy of the proscribed could avert it. Meanwhile, on your side may one urge a deepening of the will to peace?

AN OLD SINN FEINER

WAR, SADISM AND PACIFICISM

SIR,—While I can sympathise with the mostly rational and intellectualistic approach to war problems of "A Believer in World Union" I do not see that he furthers his case against a psychological approach by tilting at windmills of his own construction. If he will do me the honour of reading my book, *War, Sadism and Pacifism*, he will find that so far from saying "human nature does not change" I have been at pains there to describe one of the most momentous changes in the history of human nature. This change consisted in the development of a set of mental mechanisms whereby man's primitive hate was turned on itself and to some extent held in check. To this change is due what we call our civilisation. Unfortunately the system is far from perfect. Owing to the fact that the controlling impulses are of the same origin as those controlled (viz., unconscious sadistic impulses) it is liable to fail in moments of stress.

Just how liable it is to fail may be judged from the confessions of "Full Private," which appear in the same issue. He tells us that he had no conscious blood-lust in 1914: the factors deciding his enlistment were, he believes, boredom, "wanderlust," and a desire for sexual superiority. Now so far as conscious introspection and inference go, his analysis of individual war motivation is quite as valid as that given by "A Believer in World Union" in terms of national sovereignty and patriotism. Yet it can scarcely be said to account adequately for the fact that in the crisis "Full Private's" impulses took the form of going (unconscripted) to war.

The rationalisations put forward by "Full Private" merely serve to conceal from himself the flaw in his unconscious defensive mechanisms. To such flaws I attribute not only periodic eruptions of sadistic action (either individual or collective), but the very inefficiency and inefficacy of pacifist propaganda. I hold further that these flaws cannot be corrected by hunting in every field save the psychological one. I have no objection to the arguments of those who attribute war to Capitalism or Bolshevism, to the greed of armament-makers or to disarmament, to Nationalism or to Internationalism. I simply maintain that it is a dangerous policy to neglect the root problem of human instinct. History may be littered, as "Believer" says, with abandoned institutions, but the instincts to control which these institutions were created have not been left behind.

I am sorry he thinks I derided Mr. Arthur Henderson. I had no intention of deriding Mr. Henderson: on the contrary I agreed that within its own limitations his pamphlet was both vigorous and reasonable. Despite this I am bound to confess that in his role as an all-round pacifist Mr. Arthur Henderson (or Mr. Walter Citrine or Sir Stafford Cripps as the case may be) simply terrifies me. In general the official Pacifist Movement terrifies me. It terrifies me because it is optimistic to the point almost of self-righteousness. It requires optimism of fanatical intensity to neglect the root causes of war and then to enter the abolitionist arena armed merely with logical and rational arguments, with a faith in the inhibiting power of treaties or with a plan for creating what is euphemistically termed an International Police Force. The rank and file of the Pacifist Movement should see to it that their leaders are more fully informed as to the nature of the problem they are trying to solve. If like quack-doctors their leaders neglect this precaution, I regard them as a danger to the community. Indeed, I am slightly more terrified of a dangerous Pacifist than I am of a fire-eating Militarist, if there is such a creature.

I agree, of course, with "Believer" that had a psycho-analytic tribesman, in the days of the Heptarchy, been foolish enough to say that England would never be united he would have been wrong. Had a pacifist tribesman of the same period said that by 1914 a world war would be impossible he too would have been wrong. In any case "Believer's" argument is superfluous. At no point in my book did I say "wars will never cease." My main object in writing the book was to call attention to the need for research on the point. It was while investigating this very problem that I arrived at one important conclusion, viz., that the first step towards abolition of war must be a re-orientation, or if you like, a reformation of Pacifism. EDWARD GLOVER

18 Wimpole Street, W.1.

"THE BLIND COW"

SIR,—Mr. Llewelyn Powys ends his article with an attack on the teaching of the "deluded poet" Jesus, and the affirmation of a philosophy of despair. On the other hand: (1) Every word of his protest against "self-absorbed man" and his "heedlessly added evil" reflects the same spirit which was in Christ. May it not be the protest of the ultimate force behind things working through men to a better state, but by persuasion and not compulsion?

(2) Would not a miraculous intervention to prevent this suffering involve the introduction of such an element of chaos into things that the whole hypothesis of order which alone makes scientific inquiry possible would have to be given up? If God intervened, would the men responsible for the misery be changed? Not a bit, for they could have it both ways, keeping their profits while God looked after the damage.

(3) Is not the suffering of the innocent through the selfishness of others the greatest dynamic power opposing that selfishness? Mr. Powys's attitude to the suffering bird is exactly that of a Christian to the suffering of Christ. This was caused by the "self-absorption of man." I am a man, and in that respect responsible. Yet my revolt against this is such that I must be different in myself, and try all I can to make Society different too, so that this will not happen again.

(4) Did Christ ever mean that the birds were not to suffer and die? The point is that they "are sold," and "they fall to the ground," but the purpose of God for good is not thereby frustrated, and what of beauty is in them is still preserved by Him, for they, too, fall within His providence.

(5) Does not Mr. Powys suggest that all efforts for a better world, for all that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION itself stands for, are clean contrary to the nature of things, and are they not therefore unnatural and a waste of time? Is it not better to adapt oneself to the Universe instead of trying to fight against it in this way?

It is a strange dualism of mind which will work in the certain faith that all its labour is in vain, like a man building a house all the time on sand and knowing quite well what he is doing.

(6) Must we not ultimately choose one of two convictions? Either the light and beauty will throw its illumination into the darkness, or the darkness must gradually overwhelm the light. In a choice between Mr. Powys and Christ, what proof is there that it is not Mr. Powys himself who is the "passionate and deluded poet?" For my part, I prefer to think so. MARCUS KNIGHT

Kalendarhay, The Close, Exeter.

PRACTICE FOR DEATH

SIR,—The real importance of a recent Air Force episode has been missed by both the authorities and the public.

It is a great drawback to all training for war that the one essential element of the real thing is absent—that is to say, there are no actual casualties. This must make a great difference to the soldier in his first action, and it would be a big step forward if the weak-kneed public opposition to the shedding of blood could be overridden in the interests of the Nation's safety. The unfortunate airman carried out by accident what the whole force is being trained for—namely, the killing of civilians. To prevent his losing his nerve he should have been fêted and advanced in rank immediately. He should have been made to feel that he was doing his job. Instead, he was put under arrest and treated as though he might have done something wrong. What will happen to the morale of our army if the feeling is allowed to spread that killing is exceptional and merits an inquiry?

It is no objection to say that one of our own people was the victim. Dead civilians of whatever nationality will have the same effect on the weak stomach of an under-trained gunner.

A public-spirited citizen would have welcomed the episode to which I refer. To spend millions on preparations for slaughter and then demur at one accidental death during rehearsals is most unreasonable. An occasional peppering by machine guns would provide an excellent moral training for all of us and prevent us from behaving like a nation of cowards when we are next attacked. Surely such a result is worth the loss of but a small fraction of the lives which we are all preparing to take when the opportunity arises. "IRONCLAD"

MONEY LENDING

SIR,—Critic tells of a compositor who by pawning his watch and chain for £3 and by lending this £3 to his fellow workmen at an interest rate of one penny in the shilling per week made out of this valuable article a hundred pounds per annum in interest less a few pence a week to the pawnbroker. I think that a penny in the shilling interest per week on a lent capital of sixty shillings is sixty pennies, which may be five shillings, and five shillings per week for fifty-two weeks may amount to £13 per annum. How was the balance of the hundred pounds earned?

Green Hill Wood, Wrotham, A SCHOOLGIRL

[Critic writes: "Sorry, I meant £100, not 'per annum' but altogether in the eight years. He invested an article valued at £3, and made more than 400 per cent. profit on it each year."—ED.]

HOUSING IN GLASGOW

SIR,—In an editorial note appended to a letter headed "Housing in Glasgow," appearing in your issue of August 12th, you refer to an article which I wrote in the *Architects' Journal* of June 22nd, and quote me as having concluded that "about 85,000 houses would be required to abate overcrowding at over 1½ per room and replace all uninhabited houses."

What I actually wrote was "all uninhabit*able* houses."

4 Mecklenburgh Street, W.C.1. PHILIP H. MASSEY

ROADS FOR PEDESTRIANS

SIR,—In the ordinary accident neither motorist nor pedestrian is to blame. Both are victims of the system which has made over to high-speed vehicles thousands of miles of road never designed for them, and has thus put a strain on human skill and judgment to which they are frequently unequal. Under this system accidents are bound to happen. It is the law of averages,

not guilt, which determines their frequency. So long as we persist in believing that a simple road is capable of carrying two such utterly different kinds of traffic as the walker and the motor car, so long will England continue to be a shambles worse than Flanders. We should think it fantastic if the railway lines were thronged by pedestrians using the same tracks and dodging in and out among the trains; but that would be less perilous—therefore presumably less fantastic—than dodging the more numerous and more rapid motors on the speed-tracks into which our original slow-traffic roads have been converted. Let these roads remain speed-tracks, and let them be properly adapted to the purpose, for they stand in need of vast improvement if the number of pure motoring accidents, i.e., those of car *versus* car, is to be reduced. But if a tenth of the money now spent on the roads as motor-tracks were spent on providing for other forms of traffic, especially the pedestrian, the loss of life could easily be reduced by 90 per cent. within a few years.

Wherever there is now a road there should also be constructed a footpath on each side of it, fenced off—in the country hedged off—not so much to avoid the noise, dust, and fumes, which in ten years' time will have been eliminated, as to prevent the walker encroaching on the speed-track or the motor car on the foot-track. The benefit will be mutual.

Setting-down and taking-up places for motor passengers would be arranged. But it should never be necessary for thousands of people on foot to cross the motor-track, any more than it is necessary for them to cross the path of the Royal Scot or the Cornish Riviera express. Wherever pedestrians might be reasonably expected to need a crossing, steel or concrete footbridges of the lightest construction would be provided. Great numbers of these would be needed, but their cost would not be great compared with that of the immense areas of road-surface which we already maintain with ease. In the most frequented parts, and especially in towns, these bridges, or the subways which would often be found more convenient, would be provided with moving platforms carrying the pedestrian up, along and down, or down, along and up to the farther side: it is only logical that if the slower-moving traffic is forced to perform a longer journey to avoid the faster, it must be given assistance in doing so. A clever engineer would probably invent an escalator-transporter of standard design which would avoid the use of the old-fashioned bridge everywhere, even in the country. There are difficulties in this scheme, but few are formidable, and none insuperable. The question is not whether such a solution of the problem is impossibly revolutionary, or impossibly expensive (how much *is* human life worth?), but, simply, how long it will take us to reach it. Once reached, it will seem obvious. Not impossible, but inevitable, sooner or later. If later, then thousands more will have died for what could be had at once. B. A.

INDIA: "RALLY THE MODERATES"

SIR,—The essence of Mr. G. T. Garratt's argument in his article "Progress and Reaction in India" is an appeal to the Government to take advantage of the results of Lord Willingdon's strong hand policy and "Rally the Moderates." There is nothing new in the idea of "rallying the Moderates"; it has been used by the British side ever since the Mutiny as a set-off against the demand for reform or self-government. Mr. Garratt argues that there is a recurring decennial cycle in the nationalist awakening. Since nationalism is at present on the decline, as Mr. Garratt sees it, Great Britain should rally those who have not run the gauntlet of British repression and harness them to the political machine which she has forged for India—The White Paper Scheme.

The analysis of the Indian situation as given in the article is fallacious and the remedy futile. First of all there is no ten-year cycle. In recent times Lord Curzon provoked national opposition in the beginning of the century, and that agitation led to the Minto-Morley Reforms introduced in 1910. The Councils set up were the butts of ridicule as early as 1912, and in 1913-1917 the Home Rule Movement was in full swing. The Montagu Reforms introduced in 1919 did not send nationalism to sleep, it forged its new weapon, which, partly owing to lack of discipline, but mainly under repression, changed its character in 1922–1923. By 1926, however, the Congress had definitely taken steps to change its constitution and demand "Independence" in place of "Dominion Status." In 1927 nationalism, which, according to Mr. Garratt, must be on the decline at this period, had rallied *all India including the Moslem League and the Liberals* to boycott the Simon Commission.

In 1930–1933 Nationalism engaged the Government in serious combat, and even the "Moderates" whom it is proposed to rally in spite of their chronic dislike of militant action declined to support the Government either in administrative or political policy. There is no decennial cycle in India, any more than there is in Ireland.

If, by putting 100,000 people in prison in twelve months and maintaining "law and order" by methods which in almost every particular compares with that of Hitler, there are no longer any demonstrations on Azad Maidan or mass gatherings in Kohat, the conclusion that we have reached another low-water mark in militant resistance is wrong.

As for rallying the Moderates, will any appreciable section of them ever be "rallied" by any modicum of reform that is substantially less than what would be worked, under protest, by Congress? In political content what is the difference between what the "moderate" and what the "extremist" in India demand? Very little.

The whole trend of Mr. Garratt's argument is not that the Government should face Indian realities and make an honest effort to concede Indian demands, but a plea for cleverer diplomacy. This is apparent in such sentiments as, ". . . it is likely to emphasise the Indian objections to the safeguards and to other provisions of the White Paper." While the Tory would brush aside the "Indian objections" and insist on the "safeguards" the train of thought in Mr. Garratt's article pleads for a method which will by some process let Indians forget about them and let them remain! Not long ago the solution of the Indian problem was stated by a radical journal of Manchester to depend on the adoption of a policy that looked like Home rule in India and British rule in Westminster.

Mr. Garratt refers to the shadow of Amritsar in 1919. What chance has the proposed remedy in the shadow of Kohat, Tehatta, Hijjli, Midnapore and Borsad? It is idle to compare the India of 1933 with the India of 1919.

May I suggest that it is a mistake to think of solutions of the Indian problem by this never-ending process of grouping one lot of Indians against another. It is akin to the "balance of power" method in international politics and its ultimate consequences are disastrous. V. K. KRISHNA MENON

THE NEW AGE OF PLENTY

SIR,—Your reviewer is, of course, entitled to his opinion. But he is certainly not entitled to attribute to me a case which is not mine at all, and to hold up its obvious absurdities as defects in my reasoning. Which is precisely what he has done in his review of my *Foundations For the World's New Age of Plenty*.

Taking it as an agreed assumption that, in the distribution of goods to consumers, "the exchange of to-day's goods for a claim on to-morrow's would be equally essential, and equally in need of quantitative measurement, in any economically developed community, capitalist or communist," he assures your readers that "Mr. Henderson's scheme of a national dividend, or consumer's warrant, would do nothing but complicate the necessary processes of weighing income in goods and services against outgoings in labour and materials."

I am not proposing here to argue my case with him. It would demand a great deal of your space, and anyway those who are interested in these matters can find the full argument in the book itself. I am only concerned to substitute my own actual case for his travesty of it. In the first place, the book is a direct challenge to what he treats as an agreed assumption; its main thesis being that all monetary systems, and the finance policy by which money is created, issued, and permitted to be used, can never be anything other than an accountancy of the actual property rights which are distinctive of the particular social structure within which the money is functioning. And in the second place, so far from advocating the issue of any sort of national dividend or consumer's warrant within the existing property finance accountancy of outgoings and incomes, what the book emphasises is not merely the "complication" which your reviewer notes, but the sheer impossibility of doing anything of the sort.

It is, I know, a serious thing thus to charge a reviewer with burking the whole subject of the work with which he purports to be dealing; so serious that you must permit me to quote from *Foundations* in support of it.

> A community attempting to distribute social dividend tokens to its citizens in respect of an output of real things for which it still continued to rely upon the producing organisation of the property system would speedily find itself with nothing to distribute. What

it would have achieved would be, not the new social order but utter chaos by the intrusion of cross-purposes and inconstant movements into its internal finance mechanism.

Money is not issued direct to consumers, because, since money when issued is a token for obtaining goods, such an issue would over-ride and invalidate the actual property title to the goods; and making such an issue of money would, if it really effected the direct passage of the goods to consumers, be the destruction of the property system.

That the community can secure a social distribution of products by any imaginable device of distributing tokens for goods without a social possession of the goods themselves, is only the old illusion of mistaking figures and measurements and mere tokens for the real things.

As for your reviewer's assumption that the essential accountancy of capitalist property rights over all output against the community's direct right of user must be equally essential in an economy of production for use, I am not greatly surprised at it; for I know how difficult it is to get any new fundamental idea past the barrier which confines most men to thinking only within the implications of an established system. That is especially so in regard to finance; for the implications of the finance of a system which is established in basic social structure are so universally and subtly diffused throughout the whole social economy that without very close and penetrative scrutiny they are not perceived to be its implications at all, but present themselves for general acceptance as the settled procedure of things in any scheme of human living. Their universal presence as the invariable and only possible procedure in every detail of human activity within the framework of an established social order, identifies them in current thought with the requirements of human life itself instead of with the requirements of the established social order only. But while anyone who puts up, as I have done, a perfectly clear challenge to inquiry on that very issue must expect to come up against this paralysis of the mind in a good many quarters, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has taught us all to expect something better.

Earlham Rise, Norwich. FRED HENDERSON

Miscellany

FROM "THE SWORDS"

From that Toledo of the brain
Where none but perfect steel is wrought
Of all its cities, thronged with thought,
That soars the farthest from the plain—
A scarlet tassel at the hilt,
A sheath of intellectual gold,
A blade the noonday sun to jilt
And sparkle in a cherub's hold—
Forged only of those living rays
Of whom its lustre is the praise,
The sixth salutes with lifted blade
The passing oriflammes of days
To whose white-mounted cavalcade
The red blood drums the Marseillaise.

ROY CAMPBELL

SURREALISM AND REVOLUTION

THE horrid questions—"What is it all about? Perhaps there is something in it, after all; something that I am too dense to capture?"—haunt our imaginations when we think of Surrealism. What *is* it, the new noisy much-advertised movement? Unfortunately, most of its chosen expositors have a style rather portentous than exact or lucid, and while they explain only increase our mental hubbub. Not long ago, a whole number of *This Quarter*, an American review published in Paris, was devoted to a demonstration of the cult; for cult, or religious sect, it has already become. M. André Breton took the chair; M. Breton is a very able writer, but brevity, simplicity and verbal clarity are not the distinguishing marks of his prose style, which is one of those styles that foams at the mouth. M. Breton writes well enough to convince any fair-minded reader that he believes very deeply in the movement, of which he has been appointed the official head, and that, to himself at least and his immediate followers, its destination and origins are as clear as daylight. Perhaps his argumentative tone is a little strained; when I read his manifesto, I could not help thinking of the dreamer who, during the twilit interval that occurs between sleep and complete wakefulness, attempts by means of arguments that he alone can quite fathom to explain the point—the really stupendous, world-shattering significance—of some vision in which he is still partly submerged. And, as it happens, M. Breton's dominant thesis has to do with the unconscious, with the realms of sleep.

Let us turn to his definition of the word "Surrealism." Surrealism, he tells us, connotes "pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express, verbally, in writing or by other means, the real process of thought. It is thought's dictation, all exercise of reason and every æsthetic or moral preoccupation being absent." This definition may become a trifle plainer if I add M. Breton's own account, originally published in 1924, of how the Surrealist Movement was first conceived:

> One evening . . . as I was about to fall asleep, I became aware of a sentence articulated clearly to a point excluding all possibility of alteration and stripped of all quality of vocal sound . . . It ran approximately like this: "A man is cut in half by a window" . . . It was accompanied by a feeble visual representation of a man in the process of walking, but cloven, at half his height, by a window perpendicular to the axis of his body. Definitely, there was a form, re-erected against space, of a man leaning out of a window. But the window following the man's locomotion, I understood that I was dealing with an image of great rarity. Instantly the idea came to me to use it as material for poetic construction. I had no sooner invested it with that quality, than it had given place to a succession of all but intermittent sentences which left me no less astonished, but in a state, I would say, of extreme detachment.

Now, whatever one may think of the—when all is said and done—not very surprising or refreshing image which thus first intruded itself on his mental horizon, one must admit that M. Breton's "belief in the higher reality of certain forms of association hitherto neglected, in the omnipotence of dreaming, in the unbiased play of thought," is a belief that has found favour with numerous artists. Nerval (who, by the way, is claimed as one of the progenitors of the Surrealist Movement, along with Lewis Carroll, Mrs. Radcliffe and the author of *Night Thoughts*), Coleridge, William Blake and many others, all exploited the vague territories of the so-called "subliminal." Indeed, unconscious associations, phrases and rhythms that derive their value from the forgotten past, and which reach the paper as unaccountably as "spirit messages," are part of the fabric of most poems.

So far, except in as much as it seems to claim an exclusive value for these manifestations of the "unconscious" or "subconscious" fantasy, Surrealism presents no very novel features. Its literary productions, the prose of Breton and Aragon, the verse of Eluard and Tristan Tzara (monocled ex-chief of the Dadaist tribe) are often extremely interesting but, save for the initiated, at their best not distinctively Surrealist. Similarly, Surrealist painting, in spite of the propaganda by which it is accompanied and the earnest and deliberate efforts of the painters themselves, has not yet achieved an individual method. The sadistic extravaganzas of Salvador Dali, an artist oddly haunted by grand pianos, on whose canvases the skulls of animals, entrails, foetuses, alarmingly distorted and perverse-looking human beings, are mixed up in symbolical farrago, are as characteristically "problem pictures"—pictures that tell an enigmatic story and excite literary, rather than strictly æsthetic, emotions—as many pictures we admire in the Tate Gallery.

And then, of course, there is Max Ernst. Londoners have had an opportunity of enjoying M. Ernst's debonair chimeras—to every Surrealist painter his own pet: to M. Dali, the grand piano and the skull, to M. Ernst, the chimera which is half animal and half arabesque—at a recent and well-attended exhibition. Personally, I have a soft spot for Ernst's brightly coloured butterfly-shapes, fixed so neatly on a corrugated white ground; but I notice that critics who are themselves painters, or who have a knowledge of painting to which I, alas, cannot pretend, refuse to accept the bait which this painter

offers. M. Ernst, at all events, sets out to please us; and so, in their rather finicking pre-Raphaelite way, do the meticulous drawings of Valentine Hugo; whereas, the main object of the Surrealist Exhibition, held during the early summer at the Galerie Pierre Colle, was obviously to shock, alarm, annoy, distress and exasperate such beholders as a course of similar exhibitions had not rendered happily immune. A chair with its leg in a glass of beer; a china head, with ants painted round the lips and nostrils, surmounted by a loaf of bread and a bronze inkstand representing Millet's *Angelus;* a plaster lion's head, with two *oeufs sur le plat* in its open jaws; a variety of exhibits suggestive of the harrowing waxwork reproductions of the lining of a drunkard's diseased stomach, seen at old-fashioned temperance lectures, prompted the remark that if these "objects"—for that was how the catalogue described them—were characteristic of the free play of the Surrealist mind, one's own nightmares were usually more picturesque.

The Subconscious had yielded a poor haul. But Surrealism, it must be remembered, is not exclusively concerned with the products of automatic writing and—supposedly—automatic painting; it has also a militant political side. Breton and Aragon are Communists; true, the Communist Party does not smile at the moment on M. Aragon and I am told that he has been expelled, as a mere dilettante and scribbler, from the Cellule du Gaz in which he laboured. Unabashed, however, by this temporary reverse, the leaders of the movement continue to produce *Le Surréalisme au Service de la Révolution*, a paper which lays about the bourgeois and bourgeois prejudices, M. Gide, the Virgin Mary, and the French police force, with an intemperance that can seldom have been surpassed. Two servant-girls who, in a fit of Surrealist exasperation, murdered an entire bourgeois family, are celebrated in the column of Faits Divers:

> Six ans, elles endurèrent avec la plus parfaite soumission observations, exigences, injures. La crainte, la fatigue, l'humiliation, enfantaient lentement en elles la haine, cet alcool très doux qui console en secret car il promet à la violence de lui adjoindre, tôt ou tard, la force physique. Le jour venu, Léa et Christine Papin rendirent sa monnaie au mal, une monnaie de fer rouge. Elles massacrèrent littéralement leurs patronnes, leur arrachant les yeux, leur écrasant la tête. Puis elles se lavèrent soigneusement et, délivrées, indifférentes, se couchèrent. La foudre était tombée, le bois brûlé, le soleil définitivement éteint.
>
> Sorties tout armées d'un chant de Maldoror . . .

On the same page, a caricature of the Madonna, raising her petticoats and emitting a lewd wink, is gravely eulogised in a somewhat ponderous critical footnote.

Yes, Surrealism has its decidedly risible aspect. Much of its doctrine, and certainly a good many of the "objects" and works of art to which it has given birth, may be discounted without the fear that pursues all critics of offending against the godhead of some Unknown Beauty. But it has another and more serious aspect, too. Through its productions, its manifestos, its essays in criticism, runs that almost pathological worship of violence which seems to dominate so many modern French writers. Violence for its own sake, violence as a psychological need . . . André Malraux is not a Surrealist writer; but as I read his last novel, *La Condition Humaine* (*Gallimard*, 15 francs), which deals with Communism in Shanghai, I found that need stated explicitly, not once but a dozen times, since each of his characters, terrorists, revolutionaries, reactionaries, are stimulated or obsessed by it in some degree. They have various rather shadowy political motives; but Malraux makes it quite clear that their object in plotting, murdering, torturing, is first and foremost the satisfaction of a spiritual hunger; that only in violence can they hope for a release from the galling awareness of their condition as human beings, which, says M. Malraux, is to suffer and to be alone. In Surrealism, one seems to detect a similar need of violence—of revolution for its own sake, apart from its objects—translated with some ingenuity into literary and philosophic terms. The question arises whether it is not symptomatic of a larger movement, of which the spread has begun to be felt all over the world.

PETER QUENNELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Is Life Worth Living?

Mr. Lennox Robinson, whose new comedy opens the autumn theatrical season at the Ambassadors, is a trifle over-confident in his assertion that, allowing for farcical exaggeration, *Is Life Worth Living?* holds as good for a seaside town of England or France as for a seaside town of Ireland. Alas, we cannot boast such readiness to respond to intellectual stimuli, and a repertory theatre which proffered Ibsen, Tolstoy and Tchehov—all in the same week—to the inhabitants and visitors of Worthing or Cliftonville would not only have no effect upon their lives but would speedily learn that such impertinences are punished not by hatred but by studied boycott. At Inish the inhabitants are able to ask themselves the question—and if necessary answer it in the negative—with the utmost enthusiasm. Wherefore, under the baleful influence of the De la Mare Repertory Company, respectable butchers throw meat-axes at their wives, young people indulge in suicide pacts foiled only by penny-in-the-slot meters, and maiden aunts can suddenly recall forgotten love-affairs of their youth and lapse into exquisite melancholies. The local T.D. (O happy country!) can even be persuaded by a performance of *An Enemy of the People* to vote against his party and bring the government crashing to its fate; until the demoralisation is stopped by the one hard-headed business man, backed by a determined wife, who sacks the company and imports a circus in its place. To an Englishman, it is all very incredible, and a little ingenuous. And perhaps at the back of Mr. Robinson's mind there lurks a suspicion that the comfortable bourgeois refusal to take things so seriously is not quite so wise as he is willing to pretend. At all events the play is not more than moderately amusing, and, for all their sins of omission and commission, one longed for Arthur Sinclair and Maire O'Neill to eke out its humours. The company is conscientious but uninspired, Mr. Harry Hutchinson and Miss Joyce Chancellor providing the brightest moments.

Scottish Players

Those of our readers who will be in North Scotland during the next three weeks should endeavour to see the Scottish National Players, who have just commenced their autumn tour. It would be difficult to cite a better example than this tour to people who believe that our generation neglects the theatre. For one month the Players present six performances a week at different towns and villages, getting as far north as Golspie in Sutherlandshire. A motor van conveys the properties, and the living accommodation is a camp pitched each night. Everyone in the cast is assigned a regular job off the stage as well as on, and the work of business and stage management, wardrobe mistress, cook, camp conveners, etc., is performed by the actors themselves. The producer, carpenter and mechanic are the only people who do not appear to be in the cast. It is not surprising that people who will endure the hardships which such a tour involves (and some of them threw up their business careers to become players) act with a spirit and vitality that takes the audience by storm. The comedy, *The Flower in the Vase*, by Cormac Simpson, has been carefully chosen and is well suited to the Players' purpose. Whilst it makes some concessions to popular appeal, and could stand a little judicious cutting, it has sufficient content to be well worth while. The author has a light touch and provides ample scope for first-rate acting, particularly by James Gibson, Meg Buchanan and Moultrie Kelsall. No matter what may be wrong with the commercial theatre, there is no chance of the theatre proper dying in Scotland while the Scottish National Players continue to make these tours.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 26th—
Cricket, The Army *v.* West Indies, Aldershot.
"The Wandering Jew," Princes Theatre.

MONDAY, August 28th—
Model Engineering Exhibition, Old Horticultural Hall.
Yachting Regatta, Lowestoft.

WEDNESDAY, August 30th—
International Chocolate and Confectionery Exhibition, Olympia.
Cricket, Sussex *v.* West Indies, Hove.

THURSDAY, August 31st—
"Clancarty," Winter Garden.
"The Road to Rome," Liverpool Playhouse.

THE SHORT STORY

Capajon. Fifty-four Short Stories published 1921-1933. With an introduction by EDWARD GARNETT. *Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.*

This is not an anthology of the best stories written since the war. It is a selection from those published by Jonathan Cape (*Capajon* is the firm's telegraphic address), and it is a high tribute to Mr. Cape that we must constantly remind ourselves of the distinction. It is true that some of the biggest names are missing. D. H. Lawrence appears only as a translator from the Italian of Giovanni Verga. There is no Aldous Huxley, no Katherine Mansfield, no Somerset Maugham. But there is a story by James Joyce, one by A. E. Coppard, and more than one each by Ernest Hemingway, H. E. Bates, Liam O'Flaherty, Martin Armstrong, H. A. Manhood and Naomi Mitchison. It is a fairly representative list.

There are twenty-four authors, and, with a single exception, not one seems out of place. They are not a "school"; hardly even a "group." They could not possibly have written each other's stories. But they probably appreciate one another enough to be quite happy to share the hospitality of a single volume. Their bond of sympathy is, perhaps, a common avoidance. In a short story crudity can be cruder than in any other form of literature. The obvious is more obvious; the cheap is at its cheapest. There is, through monthly magazines, a constant market for such tales—the sensational, the anecdotal, the comic story with a point. The tradition has had its successes. Poe was sensational, Rudyard Kipling is often anecdotal, and W. W. Jacobs habitually writes comic stories with a point. That is why some modern writers, who are running away from the obvious, have had to run so far. They are running away from Poe, Kipling, and W. W. Jacobs. It is not surprising that they have scattered.

It would be wrong to exaggerate the element of reaction, since deliberate avoidance becomes obtrusive only in the weaker writers. Yet no one could fail to notice in this volume the economy of incident, the almost complete absence of sex interest, and the small part played by formal humour. The tones have been carefully softened, the harsh colours discarded. But this is not foolish prejudice or artistic snobbery. The short story, as a form, sets problems which must be deliberately tackled and consciously solved. Certain solutions appear cheap, some because they are inherently bad, others because they are comparatively easy and have been made stale by inferior authors. They have become taboo. They are shunned like the plague. But in the best authors, who are seeking solutions of their own, avoidance disappears before the positive element of creation.

Take the matter of incident. Put in plenty, and the story will hold the attention of those who "want to know how it ends." The trick succeeds. But it has no more to do with literature than a précis of the evidence in a murder trial. Leave it all out, and your "story" becomes indistinguishable from a descriptive passage extracted from a novel. Now read Mr. Hemingway's *The Battler* or Liam O'Flaherty's *Birth*. Each presents one incident. It is sensational, in the sense in which even the birth of a calf is sensational to those who are awaiting it in a state of high emotional tension. The force which moves us, who watch, springs from their strong feelings. It is not drawn out of our own vital store by the contemplation of events without significance to the actors. The incident, moreover, is not an anecdote. It is a picture. Words flow over the pages, not pursuing the story from point to point through time, but travelling, as it were, round and round, like a brush over a canvas, adding touches which together convey the quality of the scene. The result is both static and dynamic, a time-exposure of a moving scene. The story does not *contain* an incident: it *is* the incident. And stories which contain things instead of being them are what must be avoided above all.

The next problem is continuity. If we are to accept the characters as people, not symbols, we must be aware of their past. We must know that they were there just the same when we were not looking. Incident helps, because it implies the continuum which, by definition, it disturbs. Nick, in Mr. Hemingway's story, jumped off the train and ran into the Battler. It was something that happened to them both, unexpectedly. They met for a moment and separated again. They could meet, because they had been apart, and the "had been" gives them both solidity and a past. In Mr. Bates's sketch, *The Mother*, there is no incident and nothing to divide past from present. Mr. Garnett praises his insight into the hunger of maternal passion. It is there, but it cannot come to life in this form. This is a story. The woman is an individual woman, and her son an individual man. But who are they? "Abel! Abel!" she cries to him as she hears his step below. But who is this Abel? She should have cried "Son! Son!" This "Abel" shatters everything. But he succeeds with *A Threshing Day for Esther*. Through the man's kiss the adolescent passion of the girl becomes a pictured incident that fills the story, striking against the well-drawn background—the continuum—of her life and his and the life of the farm.

Another problem is how most speedily to capture the imagination of the reader, so that he will accept what is offered to him, without long and laboured descriptions. One method is a kind of bluff. Things and persons are referred to from the first as though they were already familiar. A good example is *Summer*, by Kay Boyle, or the opening of *The Corp'*, by Lorna Moon. Another is to introduce a narrator. If he is real all he says is real and takes its place at once in the frame of his life. When used as Conrad used it, it helps to vitalise the story. When elaborated into a fireside yarn, with whisky and soda and cigars, as by Edmund Candler in *The Finder of Lost Things*, it rings false, though that particular story is saved by the figure of the intrepid Wimbledon spinster who dominates it. Or the writer may, by his style, create an atmosphere into which the reader steps as into a room, strange, but instantly familiar, like the waiting-room at a new dentist's. All these authors have realised that this cannot be done by violence, that understatement is more effective than overstatement, that the imagination can be more readily lulled than shocked into submission. An anaesthetic of this type, skilfully used, leaves no after-taste.

James Joyce does none of these things, and yet his story, *The Dead*, is incomparably the best in the book. It is also much the longest, so that some of the peculiar difficulties of the short story do not arise. He tells a straight-forward story, meticulously relating (so it seems) every detail of the scene, never elaborating a point but perpetually adding fact to fact. It is an illusion. Actually he is selecting with unerring skill a mere fragment of what we must suppose occurred. By all the rules his characters should be dead. They seem to say the most dull and undistinguished things. But now and again they say something that startles, and we accept it and rejoice, proving that they were alive all the time. Giovanni Verga, in *Jeli the Herdsman*, Pauline Smith, in *The Schoolmaster*, and Seán O'Faoláin, in *Fugue*, rely on the same art and use it with considerable skill, though in quite different stylistic settings. It is for lack of this gift of significant selection that Mrs. Mitchison fails to bring her ancient Romans to life. This power might be described as the ability to make spiritual and material, internal and external, coalesce in a perfect whole. It is an art in which the Russians are pre-eminent. Tchehov does not present objects and happenings with a subtle allusiveness that suggests a moral without a word of moralising, so that the reader is aware of a click in his brain and a sob in his throat when he gets the point. The spiritual meaning is there but embodied in the objective details, not suggested by them. It is for lack of this power that Mr. Manhood has come to grief in *Brotherhood* and Mr. Bates in *Fear*.

There remains one thing to say, probably the only thing that really needed to be said. This is an excellent book and should have a place in the spare bedroom of every week-end cottage.

T. H. MARSHALL

THE WRONG TURNING

The Pantomime Man. By RICHARD MIDDLETON. Edited, with a Foreword, by JOHN GAWSWORTH. Introduction by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. *Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.*

Richard Middleton left the table almost before the game had begun. He liked his cards very little, the other players not much better, thought the play was crooked, and went out in a rage. It was a great pity; for if he could have had patience he might have won heavily. His case, and my case, and everybody's case remind me of the Advice to the Players, as given by the late Charles Sugden, the actor. At one time, Sugden toured a company in the provinces. His company, like other companies, often found rehearsals a great bore. It was tiresome having to "stand by," sometimes for a couple of hours or more, waiting for entrance cues, while other people rehearsed. These unhappy watchers and waiters would gather up-stage and begin to gossip and mutter together, to the vexation and hindrance of those actually rehearsing.

Then Charles Sugden, in his dreary, weary, dragging voice, would address them thus :

> " I quite agree with you, ladies and gentlemen, I *quite* agree with you. You're quite right ; this business of ours *is* about the silliest nonsense going ; I *quite* agree with you. But I suppose *as* we're here, we'd better get on with it."

" As we're here, we'd better get on with it." I wish poor Middleton could have heard some such counsel and taken it to his heart. If he had done so, he might well have done nobly ; for I believe that he had the root of the matter in him. He was a true romantic ; and, with the good leave of everybody, those who speak of the romantic outlook as if it were as dead as the flat earth theory are talking nonsense. All great literature is romantic to the core and at the core ; since we are all agreed that you can't build a cathedral by chucking stones out of a quarry haphazard. Or, as Lord Alfred Douglas puts it very admirably in his introduction to this volume ; " Middleton knew, and never forgot, that the art of poetry consists (as in all the arts) of putting ideas into form. The stricter and more difficult the form, the more sublime will be the result." And, we may add, the more natural the result. Men, we know, talked poetry before they talked prose ; poetry was the natural utterance of man ; and thus, odd though it may seem, the stricter form preceded the looser. Though this should not appear odd ; save to those who hold that the jungle and the dust-bin and higgledy-piggledy are the models and the law-givers of man.

This volume is a collection of Middleton's earliest pieces. There is a diary which he kept during the years when he served the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, there are tales, articles about Belgium and other things, and critical essays. The last are the least valuable. Middleton was very young, in the early twenties, when these varieties were written, and criticism is in most cases an art of riper years. Youth loves and youth hates, but youth seldom feels called on to give reasons for its dislikes or its admirations ; and indeed it is odious work. Some of these papers might well have been left in obscurity : a man cannot be expected to criticise Frank Harris in Frank Harris's own paper—to any useful purpose. Yet, in the essay on Stevenson, Middleton contrived to say a thing that was well worth saying ; that R. L. S. was rightly praised, indeed, for many literary virtues ; but that he was wanting in that which was generally acclaimed as his chief merit : a beautiful style. Stevenson had no style, though he possessed a great store of mannerisms ; some, both dexterous and curious, others tiresome affectations. According to his own account, he set himself deliberately to the manufacture of what he considered was a good style. He weighed consonants and vowels, estimated the force of *r* and pondered the significance of *l*. He imitated favourite authors ; it was almost as if he were bent on inventing a language like Psalmanazar ; or, rather, he resembled Rossetti, who read old books that he might find "stunning words" to put into poetry. It was lucky, by the way, that for once, at all events, Rossetti forgot all about those stunning words, and wrote *Jenny*, which is real poetry. It is only necessary to consider these tricks and manners and devices, and to try to conceive Newman putting himself through a like course of verbal acrobatics preparatory to writing the *Apologia*, to know that with such matters true style has neither concern nor congruity. Yet, there have been probably people who think that, " For many years I played the sedulous ape to Sir Thomas Browne " is an example of a style of distinction, while " For many years I carefully imitated Sir Thomas Browne " would be to them a bald and undistinguished statement. It is highly to Middleton's credit that, as a very young man, he knew better.

But it is by the tales that Mr. Gawsworth must justify the existence of *The Pantomime Man*. Many of them show high promise, and prophesy Middleton's masterpiece in short story writing, that most memorable tale, *The Ghost Ship*. The most striking of these stories is *The Wrong Turning*, written when Middleton was in his twenty-third year. It is the tale of a terrible vengeance taken by a woman on a man who had seduced her and meanly abandoned her to their child and desolation. A fine tale ; but in it, as in the work of other writers of a certain order, the scene is more eminent than the story ; the scene, I would say, is the story.

> Had it been light [on the marsh] he could have seen the dry land shake and tremble and melt into greasy waters, or muddy banks rise like the heads of great reptiles through the surface of pools, but the darkness hid these horrors, and he could only hear the choking of the falling mud, and the harsh cries of sea-birds far away.

And then, this man, who had taken the wrong turning, suddenly noticed " amongst the dim stars and marsh flames a light, that burned with a steady glow, and neither flickered nor danced."

There is the story.

It is to be noticed that when Bunyan's Pilgrim learns the ill results of ill-doing, it is rather the scene—the evil waste or the black valley—than the moral lesson which impresses the reader. Many may have thought that this is due to the essential dullness of all morality. It is not so ; in Poe's *Tale of the Ragged Mountains* it is again the scene and not the sensational and mysterious fiction which discloses the essential qualities of the art of literature.

ARTHUR MACHEN

PROFESSIONAL ECONOMICS

The Theory of Unemployment. By A. C. PIGOU. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The subjects, like psychology and economics, which deal with human conduct, are allowed the title of Science only by courtesy, and are not regarded by the public with the same awe as physics or biology. Everyone thinks he has a right to understand such subjects and many readers feel a sense of grievance if they find a book on economics to be couched in such technical language that they cannot even pretend to know what it is saying. But instead of feeling aggrieved they should feel grateful. It is high time that there should be as distinct and as recognisable a cleavage between popular and professional books in economics as there is in physics. A professional book which looks to the plain man as though it were comprehensible is a menace both to the advance of science and to the education of the public.

Professor Pigou, the most austerely professional of all economists, is at pains to give the lay reader fair warning. The preface to the *Theory of Unemployment* opens thus :

> This book is addressed to students of economics. Its aim is to clarify thought, not to advocate a policy. While it is natural and right in the present deplorable state of the world's affairs that many economists should seek to play a part in guiding conduct, that is not their primary business. They are physiologists, not clinical practitioners ; engineers, not engine-drivers. The main part of such contribution as they may hope to make must be indirect ; in the study, not in the pages of newspapers or even in the council chamber. I offer no apology, therefore, for publishing, in a period when the tragedy of unemployment is of unexampled magnitude, a book on that subject strictly academic in tone and content.

His argument is set out with uncompromising rigour, and much of it is conducted in symbolic form. Even for the hardened student of economics it is by no means a light task to follow it. But to the student Professor Pigou's name is a sufficient guarantee that the task is one over which it is worth while to take trouble. The lay reader, in spite of the warnings of the Preface, may be tempted to compromise. He may feel that it is justifiable for him to skip the argument where it appears at all tough (for, after all, it is no business of his to master it) and to fall upon the conclusions, which seem clear enough. Now, it is just this method of procedure which is most dangerous. For the conclusions are only valid upon the assumptions from which they spring ; they cannot be applied to any particular situation in the real world until it has been established that the particular situation is represented by those assumptions. Any short cut is likely to lead into a morass.

For instance, on page 75, Professor Pigou appears to be in disagreement with Mr. Keynes's argument, familiar to readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, that loan-expenditure on public works will lead to an increase in employment consisting not only of the primary employment of men engaged upon the public works, but also of secondary employment due to the increased demand for consumption goods which arises when the newly employed men spend their wages. It will be remembered that Mr. Keynes has calculated that in this country at the present time the " multiplier " is probably about 2. That is to say, that for every man put into employment by loan expenditure on public works a second man would be put into employment in the consumption-goods trades. Professor Pigou appears to argue that there would be no secondary employment at all. Yet there is not a contradiction. Professor Pigou's argument depends upon the assumption of given real wages in the consumption-goods trades, whereas the essence of Mr. Keynes's argument is that loan-expenditure would lead to a rise of prices in excess of whatever rise that there might be in money wages, so that real wages in the

consumption trades would not remain unchanged, but would fall, profits in the consumption trades would increase, and consequently output and employment would increase. Only if the rise in prices was accompanied by a *proportional* increase in money wages would real wages be unchanged. But this could occur only if the supply of labour in the consumption-goods trades were, in economists' jargon, "perfectly inelastic," so that the multiplier would *ex hypothesi* be equal to zero. Thus Professor Pigou's argument, in that passage, turns out upon examination to be, not a contradiction of Mr. Keynes's analysis, but simply a theoretical case of it. In this particular example the apparent conflict is not of much practical importance for the politician, since Professor Pigou advocates the public-works policy in the columns of the *Times* with as great regularity as Mr. Keynes himself, and if the ordinary man is merely seeking advice from economists on immediate practical issues he will find no divergence of opinion here. But the example should serve to warn him that he must be constantly on his guard to "watch the assumptions" whenever he falls into the clutches of a professional economist.

It is no reproach to the science of economics that it should produce contradictory results from contradictory assumptions. It should be obvious that there can in the nature of the case be no general answer to such questions as "Is loan expenditure a good thing?" There must always be two questions, first "In what circumstances will such and such a policy do good?" and, second, "Are those circumstances to be found in the actual situation?" Theoretical economics is concerned only with the first question, "Its aim is to clarify thought, not to advocate a policy."

When all professional economists have learned to follow the austere example which Professor Pigou has long set, it is to be hoped that non-specialist readers will treat them with the respect which only then they will deserve.

IRISH SCENES

Sailing, Sailing Swiftly. By JACK B. YEATS. *Putnam.* 6*s.*
Apparitions. Three Plays by JACK B. YEATS. *Cape.* 6*s.*
Wrack. A Play by PEADAR O'DONNELL. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There is an expression in Ireland defining originality, "Out on his, or her, own," or, to go one better, "Out on his wild lone." As a writer Mr. Jack B. Yeats is definitely out on his own. No one writes like him. A lot of otherwise intelligent people couldn't read *Sligo* and a lot of people will find *Sailing, Sailing Swiftly* a queer sort of a book, but none will be able to deny that these books are stamped with the stamp of one man alone in the world—the author.

Of course it is wrong to call the happily and rightly named *Sailing, Sailing Swiftly* a novel. It is a series of odd vivid pictures starting with two men, Jasper Newbigging an Englishman—who never said "all my eye," but always, "all my eye and Betty Martin"—and Thady O'Malley, an Irishman, sitting opposite one another in a third-class carriage of a train rumbling across England in the late eighteen-sixties. And ending, if it can be said to have an ending, somewhere near the death of the Irishman's son, Larry, a little while after the war. The war itself is disposed of more briefly than usual like this:

> The war went on.
> The war was over.

In between, people and things pop up and are popped down as if they came out of a conjuror's box. With the difference that we see them a good deal more plainly than any conjuror could make us see, for Mr. Yeats, as an artist, belongs to the noble order of magicians rather than the common watch-me-very-carefully-please conjuror class.

To illustrate from a book, which is nearly all illustrations. Here, just for a moment, is a Mayo town to which we come with Annette, Thady's widow, on "a pet day" to eat and drink strong tea, new bread-and-butter and fried eggs and partake of a glass of stout "that looked like a mahogany-topped boot," and, later, to go for an outing to the sea from which we look back on the village: "And the village looked very far away, and yet as though it watched, not them, but the sky and sea, and in that watching included them."

Now Mayo and its old uncles and commercial travellers and visiting solicitor and returned American are gone; and at an English resort the great Edward Devinne Tarleton, with his dyed moustache, long eyelashes "which were already showing signs of over exercise" and Grecian nose "with a slight bend to the left," is advancing towards us. Happily, Tarleton lingers on to the end of this book, for no one kills people off so rapidly, so neatly and so painlessly as Mr. Yeats even if they should be killed in a railway accident. After Annette's death Tarleton becomes Larry's friend, and in London they go out enjoying themselves together. There are boxing matches on Saturday night; there are the summer exhibitions "where you could take your dinner in cream-coloured palaces"; there are steamer trips to Greenwich and tea at the Ship Hotel:

> He wanted to have shrimps. They meant to him the sea and old London, and when, though he hated the bother of crunching them, he put the first one in his mouth, his imagination created a picture of a moment, he had forgotten when, and never knew where, in which he sat inside the upside down hull of a fishing boat, as an infant child, and ate his very first shrimp in company with a buxom nurse who was born in a cottage by a corn-field, with poppies on a cliff, very close to Margate.

Briefly, this seems to me "a pet book."

But if *Sailing, Sailing Swiftly* is out on its own, then these little plays are certainly out on their wild lone. They are rather as if the later and odder Mr. James Joyce had slightly influenced an Irish road-mender named Nolan with a weakness for practical jokes and more than his share of the Irish talent for irrelevancy. These two characters have between them made some very odd extravagances, illustrated with the understanding of genius by Mr. Jack B. Yeats; but I fear I shall never see them performed as they should be performed "all the time" to the sound of "a fife and drum band marching up and down in the roadway, far enough away to reduce the fifes—for the fifes comment, the drums never."

Mr. Peadar O'Donnell's *Wrack* was performed in Dublin a few months ago, and it can more easily be categorised. It has a fine poetic quality, and full-flavoured speech. The young wife telling how she sat listening for the oncoming storm says:

> I sat there in the corner. Everything was terrible quiet. I mind how the dry crinkling of the burning coals grew loud in my ear; it kind of smothered me. I got frightened. I dashed out. The sky was in ribbons. Black blasts were sousing themselves against the rocks. The world was shaking, and the sea, the sea—it was up in the sky and it roaring.

But, considered as a play, it is all too much of a pattern. Inevitably the publishers compare it to *Riders to the Sea*, and there is the same dread brooding, the same waiting, even the same final curtain descending to the sound of prayers. But *Riders to the Sea* is a one-act play—in which, incidentally, Synge says a good deal more than Mr. O'Donnell—and Mr. O'Donnell has been ill-advised to divide his single topic theme into six scenes. The curtains, as, alas, is the usual way with the present Abbey Theatre

Everywhere you go
YOU
CAN BE
SURE OF
SHELL

School of Drama, come down on nothing more than the decision of one or two of the characters to hurry out and have a look at the shore, or something or other, leaving an old woman staring into the fire. Heaven knows, Dublin is in sore need of playwrights, and Mr. Peadar O'Donnell is a potential artist of quality. But drama means movement, and there is not enough movement in a group of fishermen and their wives arguing and moaning together about the sea—or about anything else—throughout six scenes to make drama. NORAH HOULT

FRENCH FOR STUDENTS

The French Language. By ALFRED EWERT. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

The " Great Languages " series, which is being produced under the general editorship of Professor G. E. K. Braunholtz, was inaugurated in 1931 by Mr. Atkinson's *Greek Language*. German and Latin are in preparation, and the present volume, which may well have the widest appeal of any, is the work of the Professor of the Romance Languages in the University of Oxford. There was certainly room for such a series and such a book. The scale of the work seems to be approximately that of Lichtenberger's excellent *Histoire de la Langue Allemande*, i.e., it is a compromise between the monumental treatises of the specialists, represented in French by Nyrop and Brunot, and the slighter manuals compiled for the initiation of the fledgling student of French philology.

The book is divided into six sections—General and External History, Preliminary Considerations, Phonology (complete enough for reference and to be tasted in moderation by the non-specialist reader), Orthography, Morphology and Syntax (really inseparable, and thus wisely treated in combination), Vocabulary. An appendix supplies eighteen extracts illustrating the progress of the language from the Strasbourg Oaths of 842 to La Fontaine. There is also a very satisfactory bibliography and a full Index Verborum.

Although the Foreword (why this absurd Germanism instead of Preface?) disclaims any intention of attempting to provide for students specialising in philology, it may be doubted whether the modern language man of our universities will require to go outside Professor Ewert's pages so far as his preparation for " finals " in French historical grammar is concerned.

The author writes with the lucidity of the practised teacher. The first two sections are distinguished by a well-balanced completeness, and the hundred pages of phonology, always rather a desolate stretch except for the ardent phonetician, are less repellent than in most works on the subject. We may instance, as examples of concise and clear presentation, the paragraph dealing with the strange fortunes of *oi*, once a rime to *joy* and now sounded *wa*, and a particularly sensible section on the development of that " group-stress " which distinguishes French from other European languages and makes it the most difficult of all for the foreigner to acquire in perfection. To the reader who is not obsessed by the spectre of imminent examination, the most interesting part of the book will probably be the section on Vocabulary. Here we get away from the mechanics of speech and enter the realm of human psychology. In this region much yet remains for the well-equipped explorer. How, when and why were the Celtic dialects of Gaul so completely replaced by Vulgar Latin that hardly a dozen Celtic words managed to survive? Why should early French have rejected the good Latin words that mean to " shine " and have replaced them by the enigmatic *briller*? Why should Vulgar Latin, at any rate as spoken in Gaul, have dropped its native *castrum* for the *burgus* of the German mercenaries? What are the natural laws which brought about the complete disappearance of numbers of expressive Old French words, many of which took refuge in England, where they still live an honoured and useful life?

A few of Professor Ewert's statements seem a little open to question. The explanation of the final *-e* of the imperfect subjunctive (p. 222) as due to the influence of the present subjunctive is open to the objection that, in the first and most important conjugation, the present subjunctive had no *-e*. *Trop* from Germanic *thorp* (p. 258) is not more than a conjecture, and surely it is agreed that *jadis* and *tandis* (ibid) do not represent *jam diu* and *tam diu*, but old French *ja a dis* and *tanz dis*, i.e., " jam habet dies " and " tantos dies." It is, at least, doubtful whether the prefix *més-* ever represents Latin *minus* (p. 313), and it is improbable that *artillerie* has anything to do with *art* (p. 333). One regrets also the rather cavalier treatment accorded to such important phenomena as assimilation, dissimilation and metathesis (p. 28). In such matters two of a trade are unlikely to be in complete agreement, but this reviewer will not hesitate to recommend Professor Ewert's book to his students. ERNEST WEEKLEY

BLOOD ON THE DECK

Blood on the Deck. By JACK MCLAREN. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Voyage of the " Parma ": The Great Grain Race of 1932. By A. J. VILLIERS. *Bles.* 25*s.*

Glory Hole. By R. W. THOMPSON. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Shell-Backs and Beachcombers. By S. BRADFORD. With a Preface by VICE-ADMIRAL GORDON CAMPBELL, V.C., M.P. *Skeffington.* 18*s.*

You do not often see blood on the deck of a modern liner—unless a flying fish happens to come aboard and break its head against the legs of a deck chair occupied by a startled lady passenger. Such incidents do occasionally disturb the decorum of a modern cruise in the Caribbean Sea, for instance; but, in general, the idea of a pool of blood on those spotless decks is as unlikely and as outrageous as the conception of a bowl of soup spilt down the captain's uniform at dinner. We do not permit such incidents nowadays: it is perhaps the most important difference between our seafaring and that of our ancestors.

Mr. McLaren's title is, therefore, well chosen. It arrests the eye. We look forward to tales of mutiny, or even to some modern revival of the ancient custom of walking the plank. We do not get quite that; but we get a very rousing, inspiriting, and, on the whole, convincing narrative of adventure, in which the author ships as a cabin-boy of seventeen in a deep-sea sailing ship from Australia to South Africa, is " put through it " in a manner unknown to-day, is bullied and imprisoned and nearly driven mad, yet always finds time to note the demeanour of his shipmates and jot down many shrewd little observations upon the reactions of a long sea voyage on the human psychology. From that point of view this is an exceptionally good book. Perhaps it is a little over dramatised. For instance, not all of the bloody encounters with bare fists which were staged upon those swaying decks have the ring of truth—least of all, that final fight between the savage little second mate and the burly Scandinavian sailor which was interrupted by the cry of " Land-ho " from the masthead.

One does not for a moment doubt Mr. McLaren's accuracy; but perhaps in one or two of his stories he has not quite succeeded in conveying the truth that is in them. He has tried too hard, possibly. But the general effect of his book is wonderfully stimulating. It makes at least as good reading as any of his well-known earlier works; it shows his old power of description (there is a memorable picture of a fight in the fo'c'sle, and a few sentences about a high, long swell in the Indian Ocean which almost make the reader seasick); and, in short, there seems to be good promise of more writing of this quality from Mr. McLaren's pen.

Mr. A. J. Villiers, though a young man, already ranks as an old salt in the literature of the sea. His present book consists of a lively account, in his best manner, of the voyage of the four-masted barque, *Parma*, which took part in the great grain race from Australia in 1932, and won it. To have shown a clean pair of heels to the famous *Herzogin Cecilie*—not to mention the fifteen other competitors, Finns, Swedes and Germans—was a notable achievement, and Mr. Villiers, as part owner of the *Parma*, is justifiably proud of it. He served before the mast himself—an unconventional rating for an owner—and he is careful to give full credit to the seamanship of Captain de Cloux. But we get the impression that his unaffected enthusiasm for sail and his passionate love of this particular ship helped to stiffen the moral of the crew, whose average age was about nineteen. It was a great race, and Mr. Villiers' admission that he had to take a steamer to Australia in order to be in time for the start does not detract from its glory. On the contrary, we should have been sorry to miss some of his comments upon that voyage as a saloon passenger on a steamship. For instance: " We had Neptune aboard, crossing the line, and a blonde young film star with crimson enamelled finger-nails and toe-nails was ducked in the ship's bathing pool by Douglas Fairbanks."

Mr. R. W. Thompson gives us an amusing glimpse of quite another side of sea life, illustrative of its present variety. Finding himself in Australia with empty pockets but a powerful desire to get back to London, he worked his passage home as a steward

on a big liner. Thousands of English people, of all classes of society, must, within the last year or two, have become suddenly interested in the psychology of the steward. Thus do pleasure cruises open the mind! Mr. Thompson's book suggests that hardship and even tragedy may lurk behind the gaily decorated tables and the smart white jackets of the first-class dining saloon. He began as a butcher's assistant and ended in a blaze of glory as purser's clerk. His slightly patronising air towards those of his comrades who had not been to public schools and could not hope to get on terms with the passengers is sometimes a little hard to bear. But he is a born journalist; his narrative never loses its "snap"; and he tells the modern pleasure cruiser exactly what he, or she, will want to know about the underworld of a big liner. The most lurid feature is the common sleeping apartment, nicknamed the "Glory Hole."

The Rev. S. Bradford writes from the point of view of a chaplain of the R.N.R.—still another aspect of sea life, which has had two celebrated historians in its time, but none for the last hundred years. Mr. Bradford is, perhaps, a little reticent for modern taste, but he has met many queer characters in his time and he describes them with humour.

THE TRAINED TEACHER

The Training of Teachers during the Nineteenth Century By R. W. RICH. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6d.

That teaching is an expert profession, and that practical training is therefore as necessary for a teacher as for a doctor or a barrister is a truth not yet fully recognised. At one time it was not recognised at all, and children were handed over to totally incompetent masters, with results as disastrous as if their teeth had been attended to by dentists who had never learnt their art. Even to-day there are some who, in their zeal for "economy," would cut short the time, already short enough, allowed teachers for their training. Still, every elementary teacher now receives some pedagogic instruction, and even the head masters of public schools occasionally demand training, at least in the case of games-masters.

The history of this change is told with great learning, and in a liberal spirit, by Professor Rich in this book. He begins, as in duty bound, with the truly distinguished name of James Kay-Shuttleworth, whose whole life was devoted to the cause, and who was probably as great a benefactor of his country as any man of the nineteenth century—though historians, who "spread themselves" on Palmerston, rarely find room for *him*. Despite recurring difficulties and much ignorant opposition, he went on with his work, "ohne Hast, ohne Rast," till much of what he aimed at was achieved. He made his mistakes. Setting up his college in Battersea, then almost a country village, he gave his pupils a hard life because their work was to be hard; they had no amenities that might unfit them for the poverty of their coming lot among the poor. Their day began at 5.30, when they went out to milk the cows or to work in the garden. At 7.30 there was a short religious service; breakfast not till 8.30, and that only of porridge and milk; then study till 12. Lest they should not yet be hungry enough for dinner, an hour's out-door work was now imposed. Dinner was at 1, and study began again at 2, to last till 5. At 6.15 there was a supper of bread and milk. At 7 they had drill; and after that miscellaneous study went on till 9. "By this laborious and frugal life, economy is reconciled with efficiency, and the master goes forth into the world humble, industrious, and instructed."

The system of Derwent Coleridge at St. Mark's, Chelsea, was different. The work was equally hard, but the aim was not to keep the students humble: it was to arouse ambition. *Mutatis mutandis*, the college was to be like one at Oxford or Cambridge, to infuse "culture," to awake an *esprit de corps*, and to fill the students with a sense of the dignity of their profession. The result was that they were often quite unfitted for elementary school work. To promote culture Coleridge had them taught Latin; not a subject very useful for village children. As a matter of fact, nearly half the students found their way either into the Church or into secondary schools. The State not unnaturally objected. This was not what its grants were for.

None the less, Kay-Shuttleworth and Coleridge, as well as the other chiefs of colleges, contrived in some degree to get their students to think for themselves. This was undone by the fatal Revised Code of 1863, which demanded Results. Hence the pernicious system of rote-learning. The tutors studied the examiners, and taught their pupils the facts on which they were to be examined. This is an evil which we have not yet got rid of. Everyone who is at all acquainted with training-colleges (to say nothing of schools) knows how hard it is to expel the demon of rote-learning. Professor Rich tells a story of the well-known C. J. Curtis, whose book of dates was the Bible of examinees fifty years ago. He was teaching his class, or rather hearing it recite his book. The book wound up with the final date, "August, 1870: outbreak of Franco-German War." When this had been successfully declaimed, up sprang the next student, and repeated the equally important entry, "Printed and published for C. J. Curtis, B.A., by Smith and Son, Stamford Street, S.E."

For the rest of the history, telling how the universities took up the work, and how far the training of teachers had advanced by the end of last century, we refer the reader with confidence to Professor Rich's book.

E. E. KELLETT

TALBOT CLIFTON

The Book of Talbot. By VIOLET CLIFTON. *Faber and Faber.* 15s.

Talbot Clifton was born in 1868. He went to Eton and Cambridge, and then, preferring adventure to the enjoyment of the broad acres which at an early age he had inherited, he entered upon the career of a traveller and big-game hunter. He was twice round the world before he was twenty, he went through Wyoming in the early 'nineties, he raced, broke in horses and flung money about in Mexico City, he became an explorer in earnest in Alaska, the Barren Lands and Siberia. He met his wife, the author of this book, in Peru; but she never sought to tame him, and he left America to go on a dangerous African adventure. For all his pride of race and descent, neither his English manor nor even an estate in the Hebrides could ever long hold him; and if he was "no lily-handed baronet," neither was he the "great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman," satisfied (though he appreciated such things and took them, as it were, in his stride) with the quarter-sessions chairmanship, the lordship

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of fat oxen, and the patronage of charities. The war came, and he was again on the sea, or ambushing Sinn Feiners in Connemara. Some years later he died, deep in Africa, in a French hospital.

Talbot neither achieved, nor attempted to achieve, fame. His explorations had no concrete consequences, and he was never caught up by a cause. Nor do the facts of his career connote an out-of-the-way product of the English landed aristocracy, members of which frequently refuse to be cut to the Tennysonian pattern. In these pages, however, a deliberate scheme of his life is made clear: arrogantly and acutely conscious of his "breeding," physical beauty and wealth, he used these advantages that he might test himself in danger and hardship. A character not evidently seductive and with a streak of cruelty which his widow comes near to immortalising: basing herself largely on diaries, she has written a biography described by its publishers as "somewhere between *Moby Dick* and *Arabia Deserta*," and which for all its exaggerations of expression gives an impression of marvellous sincerity and almost succeeds in representing a demigod, terrible and beautiful. Quotation can give some idea of the intensity of the book:

> Talbot had killed the ram; now he paused a little to wonder at it. To wonder at its strength and form, the grand decorations of its horns; to wonder at the great strength of those hollow unbroken horns. To feel glad that the beauty of the ram had doubly existed—once in the mind of God and once in the mind of man. Its death had followed quickly on the recognition of its beauty, had indeed been caused by it. . . . Such meditations went dancing through his mind. For a moment more he stooped over the ram. Then he got up and made ready to return to the hut.

In Ireland Talbot found himself at grips with the Sinn Feiners. When they came to require his Lanchester, he "looked into vacancy."

> "Oh, do as they say," whispered Violet. Then suddenly was glad that he ignored the rebels, for over her swept an angry scorn of them—standing there with their cheap cigarettes in their mouths, with their caps on their heads, the ill-mannered, the upstart gallows-boys. Let them shoot . . . she would die alongside of Talbot, not because he was her husband—but because he was of her class.

In the Hebrides, where he bought property after the war, the days were still fervid days:

> Talbot came upon her past the flooded causeway, but he never quite understood why, at the moment, she seemed a being at ebb; nor why she caught hold of his hand and held it for the brief time he left it to her. He but half heard her say—something about his being her only friend.
>
> So passed the seasons, every day astonishing in beauty—astonishing too, this privileged, this remote life.

The approach of age brought no respite; Talbot's "demands on himself and his body" were as tense as ever, and he must set out on a last and fatal emprise.

> To Talbot the knowledge that he was dying came sudden, and stark-naked. At the same moment his body was being wrung with a terrible anguish. After so many weeks of silent suffering, Talbot now cried out in a wild Pagan passion beseeching Violet to end this intolerable agony . . . . Violet knew that he would have risked vengeance human and divine rather than stood by, seeing her so tortured. . . .
>
> Soon afterwards a priest came. Saint after Saint the priest called upon. . . .

An extraordinary biography indeed, which seems to have come out of no effort of memory, dispenses with anecdote and all the usual data, and contains none but the most incidental reference to any figures in the world except those of "Talbot and Violet."

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INTERNATIONAL LAW

The Function of Law in the International Community. By H. LAUTERPACHT. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

Dr. Lauterpacht has won for himself an enviable position among the post-war students of international law. He combines a remarkable knowledge of its cases and literature with a philosophic grasp of principle unrivalled in this country since the death of Professor Westlake. The present volume has been eagerly expected; for it is that general exposition of legal foundations the importance of which had been obvious from the scattered hints of those remarkable papers which laid the foundations of Dr. Lauterpacht's reputation.

No one will be disappointed in the book. It is comprehensive, it is profound, and it is consistently illuminating; indeed, it may well be doubted if a more important contribution to international jurisprudence has been made in England in the last fifteen years. Briefly, it may be described as a defence of the position that international law is real law; and it carries the war against philosophic doubt of its claims far into the enemy's camp. The thesis is maintained with extraordinary dialectical power and massive scholarship. Nor is it a merely academic treatise. Dr. Lauterpacht's refusal to accept the time-honoured division of international disputes into justiciable and non-justiciable categories has, of course, consequences of immense practical significance. He is not afraid to draw those consequences; and the result is a monograph of which everyone will have to take account who desires to speculate seriously about the problems of the international society.

That is not to say that the volume is without defects. His style is laborious and heavy; and Dr. Lauterpacht has been so anxious to present an overwhelming case that he has multiplied citation to excess and overloaded his text by the consideration of a good deal of doctrine not really worthy of his heavy artillery. It is, also, I think, a pity that so much of his argument is content to dwell in the purely juridical realm. By neglecting to explore the sociological origin of many of the principles he is concerned to refute he deprives himself of weapons of the first importance for his thesis. It is valuable to have the weakness of the classical assumptions exposed; it would be still more valuable to have an explanation of how and why they came to be the classical foundations. And it is a further weakness of the book that it does not bring out with sufficient distinctness the philosophic foundations upon which it rests. Dr. Lauterpacht has made himself an outstanding figure in the battle against a purely "positive" conception of law. Thereby he has been driven to the enunciation of an alternative doctrine which finds its roots in certain inescapable ethical assumptions the clarification of which should go farther than it goes in this book. He is not reviving the old view of natural law; but he is adopting certain of its fundamental positions in a way which gives his thesis an interesting historical perspective. In a new edition—which ought not to be long in being wanted—it is greatly to be hoped that Dr. Lauterpacht will

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Back to the Coal Standard. By CAPT. BERNARD ACWORTH, D.S.O., R.N. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

King Coal, according to Captain Acworth, can do no wrong. In turning to Diesel and petrol engines, or to long-distance hydro-electric power, we are abandoning our rightful monarch for a sinister and misleading pretender whose masked extortions are enormous, and who is rapidly gaining a fatal stranglehold on our industries and national policy. Though the loyalist cause is argued with a wealth of examples, statistical evidence, quotations from authority, and rhetorical emphasis, it carries no conviction. Some reversion to coal may be desirable; certainly that is not proved here. In almost every comparison between coal and oil firing, rail and road transport, or tractor and plough horse, some essential factor is omitted from the argument. Costs per tractor hour and per horse hour are compared, but not costs per acre covered. Road and rail capitalisation are compared without reference to any price changes since the 1840's. The whole cost of the roads since 1910 is debited to the petrol engine; and so on. Weird economic *obiter dicta* are peppered about. Captain Acworth should try the effect of substituting the phrase "economic generalisations" for "economic laws" throughout. He has some sensible things to say about subsidised airways and blue-ribbon liners, some muddle-headed opinions on world peace and Free Trade, and a *Morning Post* attitude to the Labour Movement in general. Of his occasional flights of humour the less said the better. Altogether, this is a naive and ineffective piece of special pleading.

Agricultural Credit. By ALEXANDER BOYAZOGLOU, D.Sc. *P. S. King.* 15*s.*

Dr. Boyazoglou has written an exhaustive text-book, making no pretence at an appeal to the general reader, but which serious students of agricultural credit institutions, and indeed agricultural economists in general, will find valuable for reference. While giving a fairly full description of the legal and commercial mechanism by which agricultural credit is raised and distributed, he concentrates deliberately on its theoretical economic aspects. The book is perhaps overloaded with elementary economic theory, a grasp of which one might safely assume to have been already acquired by any student likely to embark on this uncompromisingly solid volume; but in this the author has, at all events, erred on the right side, leaving few, if any, assumptions unexplained. There are obvious shortcomings in the translation, which is wooden and unidiomatic, and from time to time downright ungrammatical. A bibliography is given at the end of the book.

Canadien: A Study of French Canadians. By WILFRID BOVEY. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Septuagenarian's Scrap Book. By SIR GEORGE ARTHUR. *Thornton Butterworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If Wolfe had known what would so shortly have followed the taking of Quebec—the War of Independence—who knows whether that stout-hearted and cultivated warrior would have lost some of his stout-heartedness? Mr. Bovey pauses before such questions, but his chief business in this well-documented and profusely illustrated book is to make a plea for the French Canadian. His history of French Canada—particularly those parts of it in which he deals with the influence of religion and the Jesuit missions—is unusually fair to all concerned. Even if the book is not distinguished by a very deep ethnological sense, it shows a rare understanding of "the most important political minority in the British Commonwealth."

Sir George Arthur looks back on seventy years which have changed the political face of Europe. Sir George's reminiscences are largely personal, most of his space is given up to discussions on the army, literature, drama, the Church, beauties and cabinet ministers. Those who have read his *Life of Lord Kitchener* will be familiar with his views on the war.

There is something in common in the mentality of these two authors between the attempt of Mr. Bovey to adjust his mind to the problems of another race, and that of Sir George Arthur to summarise another generation than his own.

The Evolution of Modern Europe, 1453-1932. By SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This outline of European History is founded upon Lectures delivered by Sir John Marriott in 1931–1932 at Gresham College. The book itself has been written as an introduction to the history of modern Europe for use in schools and universities, and, for the general reader, as an historical key to the complex problems which confront Europe to-day. An outline of the history of nationality during its period is given, and as a key to the international problems in the years immediately preceding the war so far as they were affected by the more patent national policies and prejudices it is quite acceptable. But in such an outline many of the more subtle economic implications of national jealousies have to be ignored, and consequently, although it does give us the truth of the position in August, 1914, it does not give us all the truth. Nevertheless, as a study in nationality and of the ways in which, sometimes by splitting asunder and sometimes by coalescence, the nations of modern Europe came into being it is really valuable. It is well supplied with maps.

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us anything really exciting. Their wares in most cases will be new without being novel. There are signs of a unanimous helter-skelter towards foolproof gears. A year ago a good many firms who had been caught napping when their rivals adopted the Wilson or synchro-mesh or free-wheel prescription for eliminating gear-clashing, remarked airily that they were developing highly superior devices of their own. But as far as I can gather, these cautious concerns now appear as unabashed copyists, and will market for 1934 the very same transmissions which the early starters produced a year ago.

On the Continent there is rather a curious reversion to the convertible body. I do not mean that German coachbuilders are reviving the cape cart hood with peg-in celluloid windows. Such nasty contraptions are deservedly dead. But the sliding roof is at last thoroughly exposed as an asset of small value. Cynics have sneered that its main effect is to place the driver under the car instead of inside it, when a capsize occurs. But, more seriously, we want a full roof overhead both in rain and in blazing sun; and between those extremes we dislike draughts. More efficient methods of ventilating a saloon have been perfected. So the continental coachbuilder is thinking more along the lines of the Tickford body, brought out by Salmons of Newport Pagnell some years ago, and devising a roof which can be rolled back from stem to stern, leaving the entire car open when it is parked in lovely surroundings, or moving along on a day which is not suffocatingly hot. The disappearing roof is flanked by glass windows which disappear into the thickness of the doors, and side pillars which fold down to form covers for the hollow doors. Such bodywork may not catch on in this country, or even prove applicable to really cheap cars. But it represents the best compromise between "open" and "closed" bodywork which has yet been offered us. Perhaps the greatest practical need in the way of new bodies is a saloon blessed with a really capacious luggage container, without vile sacrifice of beauty. The purchaser should not permit himself to be deceived by the new tails which slant sharply backwards from roof to road. They do not confer any marked increase of speed or reduction of the fuel bill; and very few of them are even moderately presentable.

The first programme to appear for 1934 is the Austin, which is simple and typical. It is founded on the perfection of familiar details, indicating that in fundamentals the motor car is slowly attaining such finality as the pedal-cycle reached many years ago. Synchro-mesh gear boxes are standardised. A new and stiffer frame with infinitely better cross-braces has been adopted. Coachwork offers several modified styles; and some of the chassis are built with alternative engine sizes, to encourage export to countries unafflicted by a horse-power tax. During the last year this firm has been forced by the activities of its rivals to pay more attention to the sports type of engine, and a higher performance is now obtainable in consequence. Direction signals of the illuminated semaphore type are found on all models. Two detail novelties of real interest are noticeable. The rear seat on certain models is adjustable fore and aft by a central lever, with the effect of altering the tilt of the hinged rear squab, so that the occupants can sit bolt upright or recline at will. Wind shields are fitted immediately forward of the side pillars of the windscreen on some of the more expensive bodies, so that the front windows can be lowered to increase ventilation without causing direct draughts to impinge on the front passengers. It is characteristic of the British market with its pronounced individualism that even a conservative firm like Austin is compelled to catalogue thirty-seven different models, including seven different chassis, in order to cover the varieties of demand experienced from customers. In fact, the gamut might really be stated as forty-eight different models, seeing that a choice of two engine sizes is offered on eleven of the models; but as the larger engines are principally offered for the export trade, insular individualism can be blamed for only thirty-seven models. This programme may well be contrasted with Henry Ford's original policy, when economy and commercial science inspired him to say to the world "Here is my 'T' model; I shall make no other; take it or leave it." But when his monopoly was broken, he too found that national and personal caprices compelled him to enlarge his range, though he has never surrendered to the extent of marketing forty-eight different cars in one year.

There seems little chance of the smaller makers imitating the Alvis lead, and introducing separate suspension for the front wheels. That desirable consummation should spread to the costlier cars by 1935, and would be even more welcome in the cheaper ranges.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 35.—BARBARA'S TEA PARTY.

Extract from a letter from Barbara.

"You remember that problem of Mr. Canibal's about Alice's tea party? I gave a tea party the other day and decided to try out the same idea. We had great fun in sorting ourselves out at the table. Nine children came and their ages were consecutive. I wrote the numbers 1 to 9 on cards and gave one to each guest and wrote one for myself with the number 9 on it. Then I told them to sit at the table so that the age of each guest was equal to the sum of the numbers on the cards of his or her two neighbours. My oldest guest, Johnny, sat at the end of the table opposite to me and my youngest guest next but one to me on my right, with Gerty, who was 10 years old, sitting between us. I wonder if Mr. Canibal can tell you Johnny's age and what numbers I gave him and my other guests, according to their ages, and how my guests were placed at the table?"

WHAT ARE THE ANSWERS TO BARBARA'S QUESTIONS?

PROBLEM 33.—RACKHAM'S WINDOW.

A light screen allows a certain fraction of the incident light to pass through it, consequently where light passes through two screens in turn, the fraction passed is the product of the fractions passed by the two screens separately.

Let the fractions passed by the two panes be x and y.

When the window is half-open, it passes $\frac{x + xy + y + 1}{4}$ and stops $\frac{3 - (x + xy + y)}{4}$. When it is fully open, it passes $\frac{xy + 1}{2}$ and stops $\frac{1 - xy}{2}$

Ex hyp., $\frac{x + xy + y + 1}{4} = \frac{99\,(xy + 1)}{200}$

Ex hyp., $\frac{3 - (x + xy + y)}{4} = \frac{21\,(1 - xy)}{40}$

whence $xy = 2/3$

$x + y = 49/30$

$x - y = 1/30$

therefore $x = 5/6, y = 4/5$

Therefore the upper, or darker, pane stops one fifth, and the lower one sixth, of the light falling on it.

TO SOLVERS.

This week and next I am on holiday and so separated from my card-indexes and files. I trust therefore that solvers will not mind if awards are held up till I return. I will publish on Sept. 9th particulars of awards in connection with Problems 32-34.

FOUR CONUNDRUMS. BY TRINCULO.

I.

"Their palest garb the goblins wear."
"Yes, something else was written there."

II.

The driving-force can be stated thus:
It begins with a goblin; it ends with us.

III.

Perhaps 'twill give us guidance—
(One gets two more in line);
Perhaps friend Paderewski
Distilled it from a pine.

IV.

"Thus insect-sentry makes reply, perhaps,
"To one who haileth him?"
"No; 'tis a term of these heraldic chaps—
"It *sounds* like Mr. Pym."

What are the four words referred to?

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 4

A L I B I
GALAHAD
A G A P E
I N D I A
N A I L

Notes.—Uprights: "Again I deal" "A gain ideal."
Lights: 1. A 'lib' I. 2. gala-had. 3. a-gape.

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In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

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The Fabian Society

Kingsway Hall LECTURES

Autumn, 1933

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, Holborn, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 19th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "The Remaking of Modern England, 1883—1933—1983." The dates, subjects and lectures arranged are as follows:—

1. Thursday, 19th October. "CHANGES AND ANTICIPATIONS IN POLITICAL STRUCTURE."
   Chairman: THE RT. HON. G. LANSBURY, M.P.
   Lecturer: Mr. G. D. H. COLE.

2. Thursday, 26th October. "THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM AT THE CROSS ROADS."
   Chairman: PROFESSOR R. H. TAWNEY.
   Lecturer: MRS. BARBARA WOOTTON.

3. Thursday, 2nd November. "CHANGING SOCIAL STANDARDS."
   Chairman: MR. WALTER M. CITRINE.
   Lecturer: PROFESSOR C. DELISLE BURNS.

4. Thursday, 9th November. "THE MAKING OF PUBLIC OPINION."
   Chairman: PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI.
   Lecturer: MR. KINGSLEY MARTIN.

5. Thursday, 16th November. "THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND WORLD AFFAIRS."
   Chairman: THE LORD SNELL.
   Lecturer: MR. PHILIP NOEL BAKER.

6. Thursday, 23rd November. "THE POLITICS OF UNPOLITICAL ANIMALS."
   Chairman: MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.
   Lecturer: MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 9th, 1933, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls and front rows of gallery is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered upper gallery and back rows of stalls, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1.